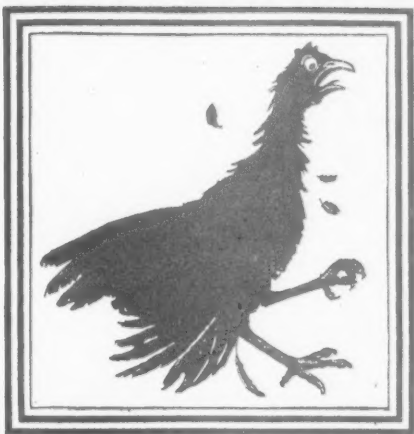


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

MARCH 26, 1925
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HENS EAT BUGS—THEY LIKE 'EM .. BUT HENS CERTAINLY DON'T LIKE HORNETS.. A HEN OF OURS WAS PECKIN' 'ROUND ONE DAY AND A BIG HORNET FLEW BY AND SHE NABBED HIM .. SHE'S OLD AND

MOST LIKELY CAN'T SEE VERY WELL .. I GUESS SHE THOUGHT SHE SWALLOWED SOMETHIN' HOT—THE WAY SHE STRETCHED HER NECK AND SQUAWKED .. I HELD HER MOUTH OPEN AND PA FILLED HER UP WITH MEAL MIXED WITH HORSE LINIMENT AND SHE'S ALIVE TODAY—JOHNNY'S DIARY

THE SPLENDID YEAR

This new serial story by the best writer of stories for boys in the country, **Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier**, will follow **BELOVED ACRES**. It is the story of Sydney Desmond, who, having a strained heart, is debarred from athletics but yet succeeds in making a big place for himself in the school. Manly boys, lively athletic contests and all the other interesting episodes of life in a great school make the story absorbing from end to end.



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Boston, Mass.

NEURASTHENIA

THE word neurasthenia means nerve weakness, and that is what neurasthenia is. The trouble may display a great variety of symptoms, some present in one case, some in another, but in every case fatigability is prominent. Although neurasthenia is a nervous disease, it is just as real as typhoid fever or consumption.

There are two main causes of neurasthenia; namely, poisoning and chronic fatigue, physical or mental or both. The poison may arise in the body itself,—auto-intoxication,—or it may be generated by some infectious disease such as typhoid fever or influenza or by germs lodged in some "focus" such as the abscessed roots of teeth or the tonsils. Or the poison may be introduced from without, as, for example, in the form of alcohol or lead or nicotine. Other forces that help to bring on a neurasthenic state are physical overwork, overindulgence in athletics, mental overwork, too close application to business and, above all, worry.

The characteristic symptom of fatigue is generally associated with irritability, both physical and mental. Digestion is generally poor and constipation the rule; the normal rhythm of sleep and waking is reversed; the sufferer is drowsy in the daytime and wakeful at night. The sight grows poor; there is a ringing in the ears, and food no longer tastes good. Both headache and backache, especially backache, may be prominent and constant symptoms.

Treatment is chiefly hygienic and psychic. The greater part of the day should be passed in the open air, and the bedroom should be well ventilated and quiet. The diet should be simple but nutritious, the meals light but frequent. Exercise, both mental and physical, is essential, but never should be carried to the point of fatigue. The trouble is provokingly stubborn, but if the patient can be convinced that he can be cured and will cooperate with the physician it can be overcome.

AN OLD LOVE LETTER

IN all our old-time chronicles we Americans have no record of a truer and tenderer pair of lovers than Gov. John Winthrop and Margaret, his wife. There was an agreement between them that when they were separated they would remember each other every Monday and Friday evening between five and six and "meet in spirit before the Lord."

All their letters, whether occupied chiefly with high thoughts of the world to come or petty details of business in this world, are none the less love letters. He was forty-two and his Margaret was thirty-eight when he wrote to her a letter that may well be reread on St. Valentine's Day or at any other time:

My Sweet Wife: The opportunity of so fit a messenger and my deep engagement of affection to thee makes me write at this time, though I hope to follow soon after. The Lord our God hath oft brought us together with comfort where we have been long absent; and if it be good for us, He will do so still. When I was in Ireland He brought us together again. When I was sick here at London He restored us together again. How many dangers near death hast thou been in thyself! And yet the Lord hath granted me to enjoy thee still. If He did not watch over us, we need not go over-sea to seek death or misery; we should meet it at every step, in every journey. And is not He a God abroad as well at home? Is not his power and providence the same in New England that it hath been in Old England? If our ways please Him, He can command deliverance and safety in all places and can make the stones of the field and the beasts, yea, the raging seas and our very enemies to be in league with us. . . . My good wife, trust in the Lord, whom thou hast found faithful. He will be better to thee than any husband and will restore thy husband to thee with advantage. But I must end, with all our salutations, with which I have laden this bearer that he may be the more kindly welcome. So I kiss my sweet wife and bless thee and all ours, and rest

Thine ever,

Jo. Winthrop

Feb. 14, 1629

Thou must be my valentine, for none hath challenged me.

This Essex Coach - \$895

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Its Greatest Values Cannot Be Copied

The Chassis is Patented

Price considered, Essex gives the utmost in transportation value. By all means learn the facts. Ask Essex owners. Take a ride. Note this smooth performance, not surpassed by any car. How simply it handles. How luxurious its riding ease. Then think of its price.

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It is the finest Essex ever built. Its cost is but little more than cars of the lowest price.

Essex Holds Its Own in any Company—in any Service

THE YOUTH'S



COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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DRAWINGS BY
M. A. DENHAM

COBBLESTONE SOUP

By W. Edson Smith

"HO'S this Sarah Stone?" Mr. Wells had begun the morning's routine, which falls even to an employment agent blessed with a whole-hearted stenographer like Miss Willie Carewe, and was now pondering a hand-picked lot of applications. "I wasn't in when she registered. Is she as homely as her name? I don't want any pretty girl for this job."

"Why not?" demanded Willie Carewe, somewhat indignant at the implication. For she was pretty and honestly, innocently liked herself. She did not want to bob her autumn-brown hair with its flecks of Indian-summer sunniness. She was willing to comb it and able. There was no first aid in her vanity case. She liked her red lips just as they had always been and their color too. As for her cheeks, there was no difficulty about reddening them. Mr. Wells found it the easiest thing in the world to do.

He smiled at her cheerfully. "Oh—you know," he said, debonairly dismissing the subject. "No, this is a good job. It has to be a combination of earnestness and speed, cool capability and endurance. And she's got to look prosperous. It is a high-grade firm. Caxton was insistent about that. She has to make a first-class impression—meet the incomers, you know. And they're snowed under with work—need her today. It's a big concern, and I want to supply their help. This is my good chance to please. If I send over a wrong un, some one who looks dragged or dowdy, they'll pass me up forever. If I send one who can't stand a terrific pace, or who wilts or wobbles—why, I'm a criminal grafter. This Sarah Stone's application shows regular court-reporter speed and efficiency, and she's mighty young at that. Never had any stenographer's job either; just typing—sounds fishy. Um-m. Not employed, eh? Now did she look the career I've outlined? I can say it would be a mighty fat job. They're not caring what they pay. How about it, huh? I see she lives 'way out; but I could stand them off till noon if I was sure she'd do. And—" He swung his chair away from his desk and stared out the window.

Willie Carewe was gloomily considering the weather too.

"I'd hate to drag an Eskimo lady out this kind of a morning unless it was worth her while. A baa, baa black sheep of a morning," continued Mr. Wells. "I don't know whether it belongs to winter or spring, but it's disgracing one of the two."

The little three-cornered, many-windowed office seemed to be set in a furious flurry of drifting white. Below in the city street the wheels of the clanging street cars churned through chocolate-colored ooze.

"Ugh!" observed Miss Carewe. Then, "O dear! O dear!" she lamented. "I want that girl to have that job. She deserves it! I tell you she does! But—I—I don't think she has such very good clothes. And anyway nobody could look like anything today."

"She must be an awful bad proposition, Willie. I know about what's coming when you say 'please excuse.' Honestly, could she do the work?"

"Honestly truly. I was interested and tried her out. She's wonderful on the machine and can read her notes. She's quick

and sure. But she isn't—very—not very—"

"I see." Mr. Wells glowered at the sweet face. "Willie Carewe," he said sternly, "if it were a nice dry, sunshiny day—little birds singing and all—and you yourself poked and patted and drolled her, could she possibly stand Caxton's eagle eye? Answer me!"

"Ye-es. She could too, so there! If she was dressed right, she'd look years older. She'd be big and fine and dignified."

"Telephone her and get her down here," ordered her employer definitely, turning his back on the weather. "Make it plain she's going to an important job. Telephone South 3422."

He listened absently to Willie's feminine way of putting it when she got her number. Then he took the telephone himself.

"Main 700—Mr. Caxton there?—Mr. Wells—Mr. Caxton, Wells talking. Have a young lady for you, but I daresay it will be towards noon—weather, you know. All right, eh?—Thanks. You'll be able to start her right at it. She's good!"

He turned away from the telephone. "You heard me," he continued in the general direction of the typewriter desk. "I said she was good. Good! You'd better live up to my great expectations or run screaming to Bluebeard's palace. You'll need his protection."

"I don't care," said Miss Carewe. "I—"

"You'd better care. 'Good' I said."

He said it again an hour or so later, only he added 'heavens' to it and spoke under his breath. For he knew it was Willie's girl even before he glanced towards her corner of the cozy room. A disreputable felt hat was crowded down over disreputable lank wisps of snow-soaked tawny hair. A disreputable rain coat, a faded sweater and a skirt that flapped wetly; low shoes stubbed of toe and run down of heel with patent soles that let the water out.

"I like your face, young woman," Wells said in his heart of hearts. "It's stern and steady and dependable, if it is desperate right now. And your broad shoulders and strong hands. But oh, you'll never, never do! Carryin' an old soggy paper bundle too. Willie Carewe, Willie Carewe, wait till I tell you what I have in mind."

The shabby girl saw the utter dismay in his face. It was like a blow. She stood there miserable, uncouth. The package fell to the floor.

"You are Miss Sarah Stone? It's a miserable morning, isn't it?" murmured Mr. Wells helplessly. "I'm sorry I—"

The girl reached out her hands toward him. A sudden light came into her expression. The homely face grew almost handsome. "I can do the work," she said hurriedly and pointed toward his assistant. "She knows how fast I am. I've worked hard at it—so hard. I've a little sister to take care of. We've a room away out at the edge of things. My sister could tell you. Before we left Loveland I did housework for a family. They let me keep Nell with me, and up in the attic where we slept there was an old broken typewriter. I used to sit up in bed with it in front of me till midnight—and after. And I bought me a shorthand book and studied and studied. Nell used to dictate out of old books they'd stored up there. All last winter and most of last summer I practiced until I could shut my eyes and do it all—fast as fast. And then when they didn't need me I didn't have any fit clothes; and when I came

down here nobody would have me. It was so dull, and so many girls who dressed—all right—were looking for work. Nell's been sick, and I've done the things I could and take care of her. So all the good clothes I have are in this bundle."

"Oh, that's it!" exclaimed Mr. Wells, brightening. "You didn't want to get 'em spoiled. I get you. Miss Carewe'll help you. No job hunter is apt to be in this kind of morning. I'll lock me out for an hour and leave you and Miss Carewe to primp. She's an artist when it comes to that."

Sarah Stone laughed hysterically and then sat down limply. The tears began to come in spite of all.

"Up at Loveland there was an old aunt in the house—a kind of poor relation, I guess. She's gone along to better things.

do, but I remembered you,"—this to Willie Carewe,—“and, oh, I brought it!”

"Maybe—I guess," interpolated Mr. Wells shamefacedly,—“Willie, how much would you take to outfit this young lady, eh?”

"We could do just lots with sixty dollars," Miss Carewe replied eagerly, "more than you'd ever imagine. I know where there's the loveliest—"

"I won't borrow!" interrupted Sarah Stone. "My mother told me—it was one of the things she made me promise faithfully never to do. She'd had a great deal of trouble that way. I told her I wouldn't, so I can't, you see!"

"I do see," said Mr. Wells gently, "and we won't say anything more about that."

Willie Carewe stared in kindly dismay at the other girl, but she refused to be discouraged for long. "Let's have a look at the suit anyway," she insisted hopefully.

Sarah Stone untied the damp parcel; her



"Carryin' an old soggy paper bundle too"

I saw the notice in the Loveland paper. Anyway she never seemed to have money, and she was so pitiful—saving up tiny scraps of everything. Her name was Sarah; I guess that was why she fancied me. I used to do all I could to make it easier for her; she had come along so many years and was kind of weary with it all. And they neglected her. Nell learned to comb her hair nicely, and I did what I could. She got to be right friendly with us. So when we came away she brought out an old suit of her own that she'd kept, and she made me promise faithfully that I'd not give it away, but rip it up and make something of it. Said she wanted me to make the most of every thread and button. She was hard as nails about girls' being thrifty. So I promised that I surely would. But I haven't had the time, and anyway there was nothing I could make. I've never been clever at contriving clothes.—I wasn't very old when mother,—I didn't know what to

cheeks flushed a little. Silently she laid the dingy drab skirt and jacket in Miss Carewe's hands. Silently Willie helped her into the jacket and held the skirt to see where it would come. Shabbiness might serve at a pinch, but not when both skirt and jacket were painfully too short.

"Oh, you can see it's no use!" cried Sarah Stone as she struggled out of the jacket and miserably held it forth in her hands. "I'll have to give it up of course."

"Cobblestone soup!" exclaimed Mr. Wells. "Cobblestone soup!"

Both girls stared at him. "Now what do you mean by that?" demanded Miss Carewe.

"Surely you have heard the story of the cobblestone soup?" replied Mr. Wells. "No? I am surprised at the ignorance of the young folk of today. Well, considering that there's two of you, enough to make a good-sized audience, I'll tell it to you from beginning to end; that is, if Miss Stone will sit in this lazy man's chair against the radiator. After coming so far to see us and on such a misty,



moisty morning I think she deserves that blessed privilege. Willie, get that much abused little box you call your footstool out from under your typewriter desk, so she can be drying her feet while happily listening. That's it. Everybody cozy and the storm outside. Ah! Sorry to relate, my story is of one who was out in the weather. An aged man and wise of course was stepping it off along a lonesome winter highway when he was suddenly struck by the nearness of dinner time. Accordingly he gathered three smooth round cobblestones, the best to be had, and went to the rear door of a wayside dwelling.

"Kind lady," he said, addressing himself to the president of the kitchen, "good, kind lady, I am an aged man, as you see, who has traveled many a weary mile and must travel many more. All I have for my dinner you see in my hands. And 'tis a small favor I ask of ye, to spare me a place by the fire and a bit of an old stew kettle in which to make me some cobblestone soup."

"Cobblestone soup!" cried the good kind lady. "I never heard of such a thing! Certainly you may. No trouble at all, at all! For my part I'll be glad enough to watch you make it and learn how."

"And with that she brings him in and gives him his kettle and a big spoon. The old man washed his cobblestones with great care. It was evident that he was none of your dirty cooks, for he took enough minutes so



"But I did what I could, and I'm glad!"

that by the time he was through all the water in his stew kettle was boiling and singing away at its merriest. And he popped the cobblestones into that boiling water so clean that they were appetizing to look at.

"And might I have the loan of your salt and pepper," he says to the woman, "havin' brought none of my own. An' while you're goin' to the cupboard would ye slip me a carrot an' a potato or two—good-sized ones. I'd go myself," he says to her apologetically, "only I mustn't leave off stirrin' these cobblestones for very long. I don't want 'em to stick to the bottom. If there's anything I don't like, it's scorched cobblestone soup."

"To be sure," says she. He made a happy woman of her indeed. Her two eyes were shining at the thought of a new dish, so cheap and filling and substantial, that could be had for the picking up. Presently the carrot, a big yellow fellow, was cut up and in with the potatoes and a lump of butter that had been left on a dish and that she offered him, though it was in the manner of an experiment like, not bein' in the receipt he had used, man and boy, for forty years.

"But one thing we will add, if ye don't mind smellin' up the house," he says to the kitchen mother; "didn't I catch a whiff of onions when ye opened the buttery door? 'Tis a cold raw day, if I do say it myself; a round fat onion will do no harm to the flavor."

"The lady cut up a whoppin' onion for him, she bein' keen on how it was comin' out an' him bein' all wrapped up in his stirrin'. And then presently it was done, and the old man sat him down in the corner by request with his kettle of thick and nourishin' cobblestone soup on another chair before him. Only he wouldn't take the half dozen slices of bread that the lady brought to go with it until she had consented to eat a small bowl of the soup with him, just to convince her that the taste was as rare as the smell."

The guest by the radiator laughed almost merrily. Willie Carewe smiled her approval and then stared dreamily at the problem girl before her.

"O Sarah Stone!" she lamented. "If we just had sixty dollars! There's a suit over there at Joslyn's that would be exactly the thing for a great big husky young un like you. And there's a perfectly wonderful hat at Fisher's for seven-fifty. What size shoes

do you wear? I know where there's an odd-size sale this week."

"You know too much, Willie," Mr. Wells warned her. Tears were impending, and that too in the eyes of a sturdy young woman who was evidently no cry baby. "What's the matter with your own gray hat? It's new, and it'll go with this suit. And she can stuff out your shoes with paper, even if your feet are—"

"They are not!" protested Willie Carewe. "I wear my feet big enough to walk along on, as any sane girl should."

"You see, Miss Stone," said Mr. Wells, smiling, "that wouldn't be like borrowing money. Take my word for it. On a stormy day such as this it's a joy to go down to Joe's Place—that hole in the wall you see across the street there—and have him make enough of Miss Carewe's favorite sandwiches to satisfy a harvest hand. So she won't be needing her hat, and as for shoes, I happen to know that there's a pair of old-friend pumps in the bottom drawer of her desk. You see," he went on soberly, "this is important to me. I expect to get quite a commission out of you. Those people won't hesitate at a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month to start on, and they'll never let you get away if you do your work. You'll be somebody's private secretary before the year's out. We've just got to put this thing across with a hurrah! It's superintending a worth-while piece of progress in a girl's career. No job, no nothin' in the morning; a steady job and a credit of the best at a big department store at night. Because a lady with a regular position that pays well need not hesitate about opening a sensible-sized account. I know a certain credit man very well; he'll fix you up if the reasons are right. But it's cobblestone soup. So you can't be grouchy and spoil Willie's day."

"No," whispered Sarah Stone, bravely smiling from one to the other. "And—and I think you're both of you—" she turned away her face, looking out at the swirling snowflakes, happy snowflakes now.

Willie Carewe had been seeing with industrious eyes while she had been listening with industrious ears. "This color hasn't faded anyway. It's exactly the same on the under side," she announced triumphantly. "And the suit dates from a time when they were more generous. The skirt and jacket turned up a lot. Sarah, we'll rip out the hems in a hurry. My, how many little weights they put in to keep the front corners and back tails of your jacket down properly—six, as I live. Heavy they feel too. Now let's get at it. And when it's lengthened we'll have that young tailor down at the corner of the alley press it. He only charges fifty cents—"

"I guess I haven't—that much—"

"Cobblestone soup!" came from the desk by the door. "Cobblestone soup!" Willie scowled and then brightened up. "Oh, goody!" she cried. "You know something? A long time ago I sent away and got me an electric iron I saw advertised for traveling ladies. I never do get to travel much, though, deary me, I want to; but anyway I got the iron. It could be turned upside down so as to heat water on it for a cup of chocolate maybe—"

"Or a bath," interrupted Mr. Wells seriously.

"And it has a hole in the end where you heat a curling iron. It didn't iron so very well, so I finally got a heavier one for home and brought the other down here, as it manages a hair curler and is a blessing on damp days. Oh, it's here, honey. We'll press that suit or know the reason. There won't be a soul in—and who cares if there is? We'll run our tailor shop over here in the corner while Mr. Wells talks to them, won't we?"

"Cobblestone soup," her employer said approvingly from the depths of his morning mail.

"Let's hurry," exclaimed Willie, ripping stitches happily, "so you can get up to your job. I know it's yours—and such a good one! Won't your sister be glad—glad—glad! It won't take long with this jacket. Think of putting those six iron washers or whatever—" Dexterously she ripped one of them out as she spoke and uttered a tiny, delighted cry. Then while Sarah Stone's eyes went wide she hastily ripped out the others till in a minute the six small round weights were laid in a row.

"That was why—that was why she made me promise to make something out of the old suit!" breathed Sarah Stone chokily. "She said she wanted me to have the worth of everything in it—over and over she said it. Now I know what she meant. It was a passion with her to make girls see the value of things. It was her way of teaching me to

use what I have and be grateful. Oh, I wish I could thank her! I'll make something of that suit for somebody! Such a blessed gift! I wish I could have done more for her—but I did what I could, and I'm glad!"

"We'll go right over and get that outfit!" cried Willie. "I know just how perfectly right you'll look, and you'll have heaps left for Nell—and things. Mr. Wells," she called

eagerly, "come here quick! Oh, come and looky—looky—looky six times!"

Mr. Wells came and stared down at the six twenty-dollar gold pieces. Then he counted them one by one into their owner's trembling hands. He smiled at the two happy girls and turned back to his corner.

"Cobblestone soup!" he remarked for the last time.

OLD MAN CAUTIOUS



DRAWINGS BY
RODNEY THOMSON

By C. Bedell Monroe

"SAY, it's hot! That wind's right out of a furnace!" Skinny, sprawling over the tiller of the Tiger, a thirty-eight-foot sloop, tossed back the sandy hair that straggled over his pale-blue mocking eyes and wrinkled his pug nose in disgust. Perspiration dripped from his forehead.

With the lee rail dipping water the sloop was driving over the bay to a shore just discernible in the haze of the summer morning.

"The barometer's sinking fast—twenty-eight now; was twenty-nine and six when we started," Jack answered him, turning from the dial in the side of the raised cabin.

Against the mast a third boy sat with his knees drawn under his chin, gazing into space from blue thoughtful eyes that had earned him the name of Dreamy. He was eighteen years old, the youngest of the three, and a newcomer, accepted as such by the other boys. A scar, a white thread in the tan of his mobile, sensitive face, curved from beneath a shock of brown hair past the right corner of his mouth to his chin. It quivered now, as it did whenever he was disturbed or angry. Dreamy had never offered to relieve the curiosity of Skinny and Jack by telling them how he had got it.

"You see, a red flag with a black centre over white does mean something," he broke out, clenching and unclenching his hands.

He referred to the warning signal, "storm from the southwest," that had flown from the Coast Guard station when they had sailed out of Charlevoix at sunrise.

Skinny looked at him in scorn. "Say, Old Man Cautious, we're only five miles out, and you needn't get so scared. All you've been doing on this trip is act like some old lady. You're a fine one to take on a week's cruise!"

Dreamy looked out over the lake and said nothing; he was more miserable than he had

ever been in his life, and he felt worse as he realized that Skinny had spoken the truth. A week before when he had been invited to make the third on a cruise to Green Bay he had jumped at the chance, confident that he was no longer on probation as a friend. The first day the main halyard had jammed as they reefed for a squall off Mackinac Island. Dreamy, who went aloft to free the halyard, fumbled his task and clung white and helpless to the mast, until Jack helped him down. The attitude of the two others had never been the same since. The climax came that morning. On seeing the storm signal Dreamy had refused to go out until the others had shamed him into silence. It was not fear, but caution, he argued. Nevertheless they had called him Old Man Cautious with a sting in the words that left little doubt of their true opinion. And he was filled with fear now; it was not the fear of cowardice, but something that he could never explain.

"We'll be in in an hour," said Jack, "if we're not broiled alive."

The tanned faces, shoulders and arms of the three were now a fiery red.

The Tiger headed towards a point hidden in the haze on the northern side of the triangular gash that was Little Traverse Bay. Where the land begins to curve to make the rounded end of the bay the water circles into a harbor shaped like a fishhook, the barb of which is a peninsula half a mile long. Five miles of water lie between the peninsula and the opposite shore; five miles also between the tip and the lower end of the bay. At the end of the point, directing the vessels that turn into the snug haven of Harbor Springs, a lighthouse stands on the beach where the sand shelves abruptly into deep water.

With an eye always on the canvas Skinny

His head appeared to Skinny just once



R.T.

coaxed the sloop on her course, determined not to lose a breath of wind. Jack scanned the thickening haze and then looked at the barometer. "Still dropping," he grunted. "Wonder how long the wind'll last?"

An oily patch appeared on the ripples a quarter of a mile away, then another and another until they spotted the surface and began to merge near the boat. The jib flapped, filled, flapped again. Suddenly the Tiger straightened to an even keel, drifted and then stopped. To the gentle rolling of the waves the boom crashed from side to side; the sails were listless; the blocks rattled across the traveler. A long sigh escaped Dreamy.

Skinny disappeared down the hatch. "Better put on one of these, Old Man Cautious."

A bundle of life preservers catapulted into the cockpit. Skinny stuck his head out of the cabin and grinned. But the grin soon faded; Jack had his eyes on the barometer, and Dreamy was staring to the west, whence a whisper of thunder drifted in on the thick air. The bundle lay undisturbed.

"No fog horn, no bell, and you wouldn't let me telegraph," murmured Dreamy.

The fog horn and the bell had been lost overboard with a box of equipment. Skinny had refused to buy others on the last leg of the cruise; and it was Skinny that had scoffed down the suggestion of telegraphing the news of their departure from Charlevoix to their parents. Now he was silent. Jack looked at Dreamy almost in approbation, but his lips curled in scorn as he noticed the other's trembling hands.

"Look!" cried Dreamy, pointing west toward the open lake.

A cloud like night thrust up from the haze. "Try again," said Jack quietly, sweeping his hand in a semicircle.

East and south similar clouds appeared; green light played at their edges.

"A triple storm meeting over the bay and the main one on a sweep from the open lake," Jack rubbed his chin. "Sail down, boys! A jib'll be enough in that wind."

In a few minutes the mainsail lay furled and tucked beneath a waterproof cover, and the boom hung rigid in its lashings. When they had finished the task the boys found themselves in twilight, for the clouds had met close to the sun. The thunder rolled without cease; lightning split the horizon in three places.

Dreamy dropped into the cabin and reappeared with a small coil of rope to which a canvas bag was attached. "The sea anchor," he explained.

The splash of the anchor was lost in the roll of thunder.

"Maybe the jib'll hold and we won't need the sea anchor," muttered Skinny doubtfully.

"We'll cut if the sail holds; we may need these, though," Jack tossed a life preserver to each of the others.

Dreamy's fingers trembled so that he could hardly adjust his.

"He's afraid," thought Skinny. "He's nothing but a coward!"

A wave sneaked over the side and slapped Dreamy in the face. By the time his eyes were cleared of water the sun had disappeared, and layer on layer of darkness closed on the sloop—a burning darkness riven with flashes that only made it more impenetrable.

The boys edged closer to one another. A scorching breath swept down on them, recoiled into the clouds that billowed lower and lower; then sky and water seemed to meet in an explosion that tore the lake into foam.

In that first mad moment the Tiger barely moved, clutched and blown as she was from all sides at once. Though shoulder to shoulder, the boys were cut off from one another by the fury of the storm, breathing in gasps as the rain and spray plunged over them. The flare of the lightning showed their features, greenish faces contorted against the sting of the spray. It was the sting that they had to thank for not being engulfed, for the force of the wind kept the waves down.

The Tiger now began to pitch and plunge, to twist and heel, groaning and cracking as if she were falling apart. Thunder pealed; the screaming of the wind rose higher and higher. Minutes seemed like hours.

Dreamy felt wet lips against his ear: "This—over—soon; storm—setting west."

Automatically he nodded his head. For some reason he was no longer afraid now that the storm was on them, and the knowledge brought a smile to his lips—a strained smile that Jack saw in an instant of light; he thought that Dreamy had gone crazy. But nothing seemed to matter there in the darkness and turmoil.

The Tiger still whirled in circles, but it was evident that the wind was sweeping more and more from the west, and the sea anchor was tugging the bow into the teeth of the swells. One last time the sloop twisted. A wave roared into the cockpit. As the water struck his back Dreamy felt Jack torn from his side, and then he was swimming, clutching the backstay with one hand. Something struck his other hand, and he clung. The water let him down with a thud, and, choking and bruised, he was left sprawled on the deck, still hanging to what he had caught—Jack's leg. A flash showed Skinny, scared and white, crawling towards him. Together they lifted the limp form and dragged it between them into the cockpit.

"Struck head!" screamed Skinny. Drifting with the sea anchor, the sloop now met the onslaughts head on; the bow would bury itself to rise with a load of water that dashed over the cabin into the cockpit. The lightning flashed less often, but the wind was blowing harder.

An hour went by, two hours. Dreamy wriggled his stiffened and swollen fingers, stared at the wall of black from which the waves fell in white streaks and wondered how far the Tiger had drifted. Sluggish to rise, she wallowed and plunged, lurched to the water inside and out.

"We must be near the point," thought Dreamy. "Wonder if we'll strike it?"

As he looked astern his heart jumped. A dull red glow shone, faded, appeared again, and stayed. The lighthouse! As Dreamy looked he heard the clang of the fog bell, broken by the wind. But the light had a strange effect on him; he groaned and leaned towards Skinny. "Pass—fifty yards," he shouted.

Both boys gazed hopelessly at the red flare. To pass that sheltering harbor meant five more miles of water—and the sloop was filling, and their strength was spent.

Dreamy shouted to Skinny to hold Jack; then with his face against the rush of water he crawled to the cabin. The warm rain and stinging spray seemed almost friendly as he slid back the cover and dropped below. Half suffocating, sick with the terror of drowning without a chance for life, he groped amid the floating clutter until he found what he sought. As he tumbled back into the cockpit a wave broke on the cover just closed. In haste he cast off his life preserver and knotted the end of a roll of marline round his waist. To the other end of the roll he attached a coil of rope, then another coil, which in turn he made fast to a side cleat. Skinny felt a bundle of rope thrust into his lap, a roll of twine into his hand. Instantly he understood and shrieked encouragement. But Dreamy did not hear; already he was crouching on the deck with his gaze on the red light only a hundred yards ahead and half as far to one side. When the Tiger rolled almost level he rose and plunged into the water. His head appeared to Skinny just once. Skinny paid out the marline and, half weeping, muttered: "To think I called him a coward! To think I called him a coward!"

Dreamy, swimming with his side to the waves, fought to make enough headway to escape being swept past the point. The waves rolled him over, buried him and broke in his face when he fought for breath, but still he struggled, one minute on the crest, the next in a trough. The past two hours had spent his strength. In the rare intervals that his head was above water the clang of the bell grew louder, and he tried to make his arms and legs respond. Again on the crest, he saw the light and part of the tower directly opposite him, but how far he did not know.

"Twenty feet more to the right, and I'll follow the Tiger." With the thought a numbness crept over him. The water tugged at his arms and legs; the marline dragged him down. Then a wave lifted him, bore him on and broke with a roar on the beach. It receded, plucking at the body of the boy, who, stunned and bleeding, dug his nails into the pebbles and clung.

"Need help; must have help!" Dreamy repeated the words again and again as he staggered to his feet and forced his muscles to carry him towards the lighthouse.

"Who—who's this?" Some one gasped at Dreamy.

"It's one of them!" shouted a voice.

Dreamy guided a hand to the twine round his waist. "Pull!" he cried feebly and collapsed on the sand.

When Dreamy opened his eyes the late afternoon sun was streaming through a round window on the bed where he lay. Why did he ache, and what was he doing in the lighthouse? Then it all became clear.

"We thought you'd rather be with us when you woke up."

Why, it was Skinny, and beside him Jack, whose forehead was decorated with a huge purple lump!

Jack rubbed his chin and coughed. "We're mighty grateful to you, Dreamy," he said hesitatingly. "The lighthouse keeper got a wire from Charlevoix just as the storm broke. People who saw us start thought we wouldn't make it. They tried to launch a boat here, but couldn't in that sea."

"I came to just as they were hauling us round the point into calm water," Jack went on. "And—Dreamy—where did you get that

scar? I thought of it all through the storm—when I could think."

"Once when I was quite a small kid," said Dreamy, smiling. "I thought that I could scale a cliff, and I landed on my face. Ever since that time my father has lectured me on the difference between caution and cowardice."

"Guess I'd better let in the others to see the young hero," said Skinny, laughing weakly. At the door he turned with an earnest look in his eyes. "Old Man Cautious, say, I'd be proud to be called that!"

BELOVED ACRES

By John H. Hamlin



Chapter Seven Water in the reservoir

WARD CRAYMORE tumbled out of the tent; his face had turned white. Closely following him came the college boys, some of them only partly dressed.

"Parks, which way? Where had she ridden?" said Ward; a wave of remorse engulfed him as he remembered his hasty words of the evening before.

"It's the reservoir mud on Trixie. Ain't none like that black muck anywhere else hereabouts. Slim, you and Bob chuck the saddles on your ponies. Come on, Ward, we'll hook a span of hosses to the spring wagon. No automobile can pull up that there reservoir hill."

Grandmother Grayson flitted from the kitchen door with a kimono hastily thrown over her shoulders. "Beth!" she cried in tremulous accents. "What were you saying about Beth?"

Stelle Clark ran to her side. "Don't you worry, Mrs. Grayson, Beth's all right. I just know she's all right!"

None of the men had paused in their scurry to the barns. Slim and Bob had their cow ponies saddled in a few minutes. Parks tossed the harness upon the buggy team, and willing hands soon had the tugs hooked and every strap buckled. He climbed into the seat; Ward took a place by his side, and the seven lads wedged themselves into the wagon as best they could.

Led by the cowboys, the little procession headed at a fast clip across the fields towards the timber line. The boys jumped out at the foot of the grade to lighten the strain on the span of horses and even plied a shoulder to the back of the wagon that they might quicken the pace. Scarcely anyone spoke a word till they had covered more than half the distance to Round Valley. Then Parks muttered:

"Look, it's rained up here! One of them lightning storms. Thought I heard thunder last night."

Farther on signs of the storm became more noticeable. The ground was still wet, and the sidehill slopes were furrowed and trickling with muddy rivulets.

"Must have been a fierce storm. Funny, wa'n't nary a drop fell on the ranch," said Parks, urging the horses into a trot, for Slim and Bob, who were slightly in advance, had pulled their ponies to a sudden halt on the crest of the ridge overlooking Round Valley.

Ward Craymore, trembling with suspense, begged Parks to hurry, hurry. And then when the wagon topped the grade Parks involuntarily checked the team; his eyes were popping wide open in utter astonishment.

"Why, why!" he blurted. "It's water—there's water in the reservoir! Land sakes, the reservoir's more'n half full of water!"

"Ain't that the limit," observed Slim Clemmons. "Here it was bone dry yesterday, and now look at it!"

"One of them clouds busted last night," said Parks. Then he sharply addressed the

cowboys. "Here you, which one of you shut down them there reservoir gates?"

The cowboys stared at him, perplexed, and shook their heads.

"You Ward," continued Parks, "do you know what that plucky little sister of yours risked her life a-doin'? Rid up here in all that there bustin' storm and shut down them gates! That's what kind of a sister you got, Ward Craymore!"

"Parks, where is she?" Ward gripped the arm of the older man.

"Where be she? S-she's drowned—M-Miss B-Beth's drowned herself a-shuttin' them gates—"

"She isn't! I won't believe it!" declared Ward, but his lips were white. "We've got to search for her. Come on, I won't give up hope."

Separating, Slim and Bob started to circle Round Valley in opposite directions. Parks and Ward went down to examine the gates and the dam; the others scattered hither and yon along the muddy shores of the reservoir.

In an hour they had gathered again at the dam; no one had discovered a sign of Beth. Ward Craymore was shaken to his very depths, and Parks, thoughtless of the effects of his words, dwelt in pathetic insistence on all the hardships that his young mistress had undergone since her arrival at Craymore Acres.

"And she was a-hopin' you boys was agoin' to chip in and give her a boost at hayin'. She was a-plannin' to make a lark out of hayin', with all you young fellers helpin' out and havin' barn dances and all sech—"

A shout that acted like an electric shock on the saddened group interrupted Parks's mournful wail. "Yi-yip! Hi-yi!" The regular cowboy yell reverberated across the chocolate-colored surface of the rain-filled reservoir.

The men at the dam could not identify the tiny group that emerged from the woods on the far side of Round Valley, but they could make out a figure leading a mounted horse.

"It's Slim Clemmons," asserted Bob Jenkins, hastily counting noses.

"Oh, thank God! That's Beth on the horse!" cried Ward, breaking into a run.

In a few minutes they reached the pair who were making their way round the reservoir. Beth was clinging rather dizzily to the saddle. She was not the smart-looking girl who had met the boys at the train the day before, but a mud-spattered, water-soaked, disheveled little mouse of a creature who slid off the saddle and crumpled limply into Ward's upstretched arms.

"Where'd you find her? Is she hurt?" demanded Parks.

"Treed by that ornery white-faced old bull. He ought to be shot, that measly beast oughta be!" declared Slim.

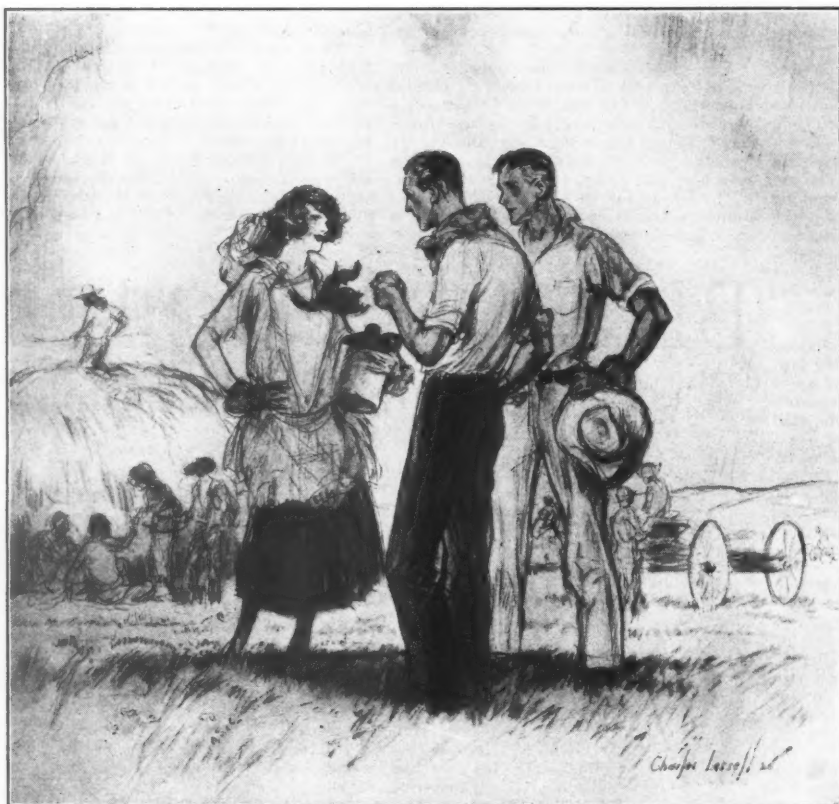
"No, Slim, we can't afford to shoot him; we'll sell him." It was a faint wisp of a voice, but there was a note of humor in it; Beth's dark eyes flashed a grateful look into the solicitous faces round her while a wee smile wrinkled her mud-spotted face.

"You're all right, Beth? You're not hurt?" inquired Ward, loosening his beaklike grip.

"There, Ward, that's better," replied Beth, standing firmly upon her feet. "No, I'm not hurt, but I—I was scared almost to death, believe me!"

"Whatever possessed you to attempt such a thing?" asked Ward, plainly showing his admiration for his brave sister.

"When I heard that thunder before day-break this morning," Beth began, "something just seemed to tell me the gates of the



DRAWN BY CHARLES LASSELL

"I don't see how you can expect us to take money for such good sport as this"

reservoir should be closed. I never stopped to think that there was any danger; getting wet was the worst I imagined could happen to me, and that wouldn't hurt anyone. I never dreamed that I was riding straight into an awful cloud-burst! Poor Trixie, did anyone see her?" Beth looked inquiringly from Ward to Parks.

"Yep; that's what throwed such a scare into us, Miss Beth," said Parks. "Trixie come home all over mud and limpin' some. I—I thought you was a goner, Miss Beth."

"Um-m, I had some such a thought myself, Parks. My, but I am glad that Trixie got home all right! Well," Beth continued, "it was a wild ride up that cañon trail, and Trixie was a perfect dear all the way up. The thunder got louder and louder, and the lightning was terrible. Oh-h! I never saw such jagged flashes, and truly the thunder made my ears ring! Anyhow we got to the dam, and, Parks, that old gate thing needs oiling. I most pulled my arms out working the lever to close them; but I did, didn't I?"

Beth's wide eyes gloated over the miraculously filled reservoir.

"The rain was beginning to come down in sheets. And then there was an extra-extra flash of lightning that lit up the whole valley plain as day, and I saw a bunch of cattle right out in the middle of the reservoir, and the water was streaming down, and I was afraid those poor creatures were paralyzed with fright and might not have sense enough to move on and would get drowned. So I got on Trixie again, and the poor dear was so nervous,—trembled just like one of those quaking-aspen leaves,—but after coaxing her some she just bolted across the valley—the rain drenching us, and water splashing under her feet. It was black as could be part of the time. A streak of lightning—and they came thick and fast—would show me which way to go. I got over to the cattle, and they stampeded for the timber. Trixie was right at their heels. Then, oh, Ward, it was the most awful crash of thunder, and I could smell sulphur—sounded as if old Lassen Peak had blown the world to pieces. This happened just as I got under the pines and on high ground. There was a roaring, swishing noise, and I couldn't imagine what it was, because it stunned me for a moment. Soon as I caught my breath and came to, you might say, I knew it was a regular cloud-burst; but fortunately I escaped the main body of it, since I was on the upper side of the valley."

"But, Beth, Slim said you were up a tree," sputtered Ward. "For heaven's sake, tell us about that!"

"Now that just makes me so mad when I think of it!" exclaimed Beth, rubbing some mud off her cheek. "Can you picture

anything so ridiculous? After I had nearly broken my neck and almost got drowned into the bargain herding those stupid cattle to a place of safety that ugly old bull about-faced and shook his horns at Trixie and me. I was quite on his heels, and it was light enough by then for me to see him in time; so I reined Trixie to one side. She stumbled over a log that was entirely covered by manzanita, and off I tumbled! Ugh! It was worse than the lightning, cloud burst and everything when I looked up and saw that horrid bull coming straight for me! Please don't ask me how I did it, but I crawled on my hands and knees to a pine tree—it was a small one, praise be!—and climbed it. Yes I did, Ward, I climbed it in quick time too!" Beth made a wry face at her brother. "And there I sat, wedged amongst those wretched little branches, waiting for that bull to go about his business. He didn't, though—just cropped the grass underneath the tree as if he intended to spend the rest of his days right there. And speaking of eating, I'm starved! Do let's hurry back to the ranch. I suppose my dear Grandmother Grayson is worried about me."

Her interested audience applauded the naive description of her encounter with the bull; willing and eager hands assisted her to mount Slim's cowpony, and Ward, walking at her side, gripped her hand in sheer heroic worship.

"Believe me, Beth, I'm for you tooth and nail after this! And from the few remarks I've overheard from the gang I shouldn't be at all surprised if they'd be begging you to put 'em to work."

"O Ward, had you said anything to them about it?" inquired Beth.

"No, but Parks let the cat out of the bag," Ward explained. "I'm willing to pitch in if they are," he added, giving her hand a reassuring squeeze.

Grandmother Grayson was overjoyed when Beth and her noisy rescuers rattled up to the ranch house. By way of celebrating Beth's safe return the Clark sisters mixed up their special brand of waffle batter and baked enormous heaps of the delectable cakes. The breakfast proved to be a jubilant meal.

Grayson sauntered in at the end, having slept through all the commotion. When they

told him what had happened he stuttered: "R-reservoir f-filled by a cloud-burst? You're joking, Beth!"

"And what's more, the gang's hired out to sis for hay hands at three and a half bones per day and found. Am I right, fellows?" said Ward in high spirits.

"We'll say you're right, and what's the matter with Beth Craymore?" yelled Avery Claridge.

"She's all right! Who's all right? Beth Craymore, that's who!" came the staccato shout from the college boys.

From then on Craymore Acres was a busy place. Of course Parks had his hands full, teaching, advising and directing his crew of "tenderfeet." Cutting the grass was the first step in the process of haying. Six mowers were to go at the task, and Parks, being the head mower, marked out the fields in great sections. Then he started to mow, and the others followed in his swath. But before permitting the boys to take out their machines Parks gathered them round his mower and gave them a thorough lesson in the mechanism, warning them to be cautious about the sharp knives, explaining the gear lever, the lowering and raising of the cutter bar, and then giving a practical demonstration in the field nearest the house.

"Say, fellows, this is more fun than running a car," said Jack Sproule.

"And a sixty-horse power one at that," replied his twin brother Jerry, laughing.

When Parks had marked off the first section of hay land he halted his team and started each lad off and saw that he had a fair idea of what he was doing before he permitted the next one to begin. Fortunately the horses were all well broken and accustomed to the clack and rattle of machinery.

Beth hovered round; her eyes were sparkling with keen interest in everything that was said and done. She wanted to pat each boy on the back and tell him how happy she was; but there were other and more substantial methods of expressing her gratitude. She and Grandmother Grayson often had their heads together, plotting and planning surprises for the evening entertainment, for the concoction of extra dishes that would tickle the palate of the youthful harvest hands.

After the first day or two when the boys had become accustomed to the work and the hours they greeted with gay shouts and bursts of college songs the clang of the big bell that warned them to rise. They scrambled from the airy tents to the faucets that were spouting streams of cold spring water; then they dashed across the yard to the big barn, where each man led his team of horses out to the watering troughs; then they forked down hay from the loft into the feed racks and adjusted the heavy harnesses. A rivalry sprang up among them to see who should be the first to finish his chores; then they all would race to the table spread invitingly beneath the old apple trees that shaded the kitchen.

After breakfast the horses were led from the barn, received another drink and were hooked to the mowing machines, which had been liberally oiled, carefully examined and equipped with freshly ground sickles the night before. There was always a struggle to see who should be first in the fields.

The purring click of the sickles as they glided through the bars sent forth a cheery sound, and when the horses straightened out their tugs and settled down to the business of cutting hay the grass fell in neat swaths ready for the rakes that were to follow the mowers a few hours later.

One after another the six mowing machines filed round the marked-off sections; a shout from one lad would be taken up by another.

The early morning air was glorious. Myriad insects flitted up from the heavy stand of hay; butterflies winged their flight away from the clack of the machines; a mother bird shrilled a frightened call as she fluttered up from her nest. Meadow larks and red-winged blackbirds twittered and scolded; field mice scampered to havens of safety, and gophers burrowed out of sight in the wink of an eye. But even though the boys became deeply interested in their work, were fascinated with the tiny spots of pollen shooting up from the heads of timothy and revelled in the fast diminishing proportions of the block of land they were cutting over, they were glad when the big bell clanged forth its summons to the noontime meal, and gladder still when it announced the close of the working day.

Beth with Stelle and May Clark rattled across the fields in an old one-horse buckboard every midmorning and again about four o'clock in the afternoons, bringing to the loyal harvest hands jugs of cool lemonade and appetizing sandwiches. Everyone, including the girls, appreciated those jolly little breaks in the hard, monotonous labor.

"Honest, Miss Craymore," protested Douglas McClintock, who played centre on the varsity eleven, "I don't see how you can expect us to take money for such good sport as this. I don't know when I've enjoyed a vacation so much as this one."

Beth, who was pouring lemonade from a ponderous jug into tin cups, looked up with a quizzical expression. "It may be you nice men will have to wait for your money, perhaps till after the harvest. But I shan't listen to your doing this work unless we all live up to our agreement. I have learned since offering you three-fifty a day that Merceau and some of the other ranchers are paying four dollars. I shouldn't be at all surprised if my prize crew should be enticed away from me."

"Ho, I'd like to see the color of the man's eyes who'd desert you, Miss Craymore!" declared Charley Damon, whose working clothes were a pair of soiled white flannel trousers, tennis shoes and a sport shirt.

Ward showed his anxiety every now and then about pressing his friends into service. "Maybe we'd better call it off, Beth," said he towards the end of the first week. "Don't you suppose we can hire some honest-to-goodness laborers to finish up the job?"

"Why, have the boys been complaining?" inquired Beth, who had come up from the fields where she had been driving a rake since early morning. May Clark had called her up to answer a telephone message.

"No; but I'd hate to have them get bored to death, and I'd feel cheap about inviting 'em up here for a lark and then setting them to work like this."

Beth knew that Ward himself was chafing under the unaccustomed strain of working in the fields. He had made a failure of running a mowing machine; he didn't seem able to manage his team and the cutter bar at the same time, and he was not particularly adept at handling a two-horse rake.

Next week the hauling and stacking would begin, and Beth was at her wits' end; instead of diminishing her crew she must employ at least five more men.

"Ward, I just can't allow myself to worry right now. Mr. Ballinger has telephoned me to come over to Timbercrest immediately. I think it is about the range or the sale of the tractor; he didn't say which. We are awfully short of money, Ward. I simply have to raise enough money to pay the men, and I am trying to sell that huge tractor. Wish me luck, Ward, and do have patience a little longer, won't you?"

Beth shook her head like a fretful colt hitched to an overloaded wagon. Then she waved her hand to Grandmother Grayson, clambered into the roadster and chugged down the lane.

She met Parks at the gate. "Mr. Ballinger telephoned, Parks. Something tells me it is good news, and I am rushing off for Timbercrest."

"That's fine, Miss Beth. I was takin' a squint at that there grain, and she's needin' more water again. Land's sake, it sure do be great to think you saved that whole crop by corralin' that there cloud bust. I'm knockin' off mowin' for a spell whilst I let down some more water. By jings, Miss Beth, Clover Creek Valley's takin' about what you done. And they ain't none too kindly feelin's in the air for Merceau since folks've heard tell how he was at the bottom of drainin' Round Valley."

"How about the feed up there, Parks?" said Beth, not caring to discuss her enmity with Merceau.

"We've got to move the cattle pretty

pronto. Somehow I ain't alarmed that Merceau'll dast to open them gates again, so I don't believe we need to keep Slim or Bob stationed there no longer. They can herd the stock over the Madeleine Plains first of the week."

"We shan't plan on that—at any rate till I return from Timbercrest," said Beth. "I am praying that Mr. Springer is going to lease Papoose Valley. Well, good-by, Parks; I'll see you this evening and have a talk with you."

It was after dusk when Beth's roadster on the return from Timbercrest topped Maverick Grade and dipped toward the moon-

flooded level of Clover Creek Valley. There was a joyous poise to the girl's head; a lilt to her song bubbled from her lips, and she felt happier than she had for days. When she neared the ranch house she heard the thrum of banjo and mandolin and the soaring chorus of her spirited crew.

"Those boys are splendid, perfectly splendid! I am so proud of them," mused Beth, slowing down the car as a figure slipped from the shadow of the poplar trees that edged the lane and stood squarely in the middle of the road.

"Hello," cried Beth. "Who is it?"

"It's me, Miss Craymore," replied Slim

Clemmons. "Me and Bob's been talkin' it over, and we made up our minds to tell you what's what." Slim paused.

"Yes, Slim, I am listening," Beth said encouragingly.

Even in the moonlight she noticed the lowering frown contracting the cowboy's brows and his hands nervously twisting the heavy quirt that he carried.

"Well, that Merceau's offered us guys more money than what you been payin' us, Miss Craymore. Me and Bob turned him down flat, but them three men Parks brung in from Glenning quit you and 've gone over to his ranch."

"What? Do you mean to say that Merceau has actually been bribing my men to work for him?" exclaimed Beth indignantly.

"Uh-huh, and that ain't all. His cowboys 've been roundin' up all the guys they can git hold of, tellin' 'em what a bunch of stuck-up city duds is hayin' for you and how Merceau allow: they should be treated to some real Wild West dope. He's aimin' to throw a scare into 'em—run 'em plumb out of the valley and put a stop to your hayin'. That's what Merceau's aimin' to do, Miss Craymore!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

ANIMAL HEROES OF THE GREAT WAR

III. PIGEONS

By Ernest Harold Baynes



A pigeon with a container for a message attached to its leg

TRY to imagine yourself clinging to the half-submerged wreck of a seaplane out in the North Sea twenty miles from shore, wet to the skin, chilled to the bone and desperately weary. Hours before, you had released a homing pigeon with a message calling for help, and you hate to admit how little faith you have in its reaching its loft at all against that wind and rain, let alone in time to be of any use to you. You know that the bird is your only chance. Night is coming on, and, if it has not reached its loft, your name will be published in the next casualty list. Then as your hope is dying and you are trying to behave as brave men should a lean greyhound of a destroyer comes racing up out of the fog. As you are taken aboard to warmth and dry clothes and food, to life and all that life holds dear, you are told that the destroyer had been sent in response to a message brought by a little homing pigeon that fell dead from exhaustion as it entered the trap. You'll have something new to think about. You may not have much sentiment; you may not be interested in bird conservation; but it's pretty certain that, unless the North Sea has washed all decency out of you, you'll walk a long way to vote against live pigeon shooting the next chance you get.

As may be supposed, the pigeon used as a war messenger was not the ordinary variety commonly seen on the barns in country places, but a special breed that originated in Belgium, and that was bred chiefly in Liège, Verviers, Brussels and Antwerp. It is the

The Belgian Breed

only pigeon capable of homing from very long distances. Although during the war and at other times it has been referred to as the carrier pigeon, the carrier is an entirely different breed, which long ago came from Bagdad, and which in the early days of pigeon racing in England was used for short distance flights up to one hundred miles. The homing pigeon was used by the French with great effect during the siege of Paris in 1870-71, and soon thereafter the English fanciers got in touch with Belgium, and the "homer" at once replaced the birds then used for racing purposes—the carrier, the horseman and a cross between these two known as the dragoon. Because of the use to which it is put in peace times it is now generally known among English pigeon flyers as the racing pigeon. The French and Belgians call it *pigeon-voyageur*, and the Italians *colombo viaggiatore*.

Birds of that breed by reason of their strong desire to return to their home, their splendid powers of flight and their remarkable memory for places they have seen before may be trained to fly from great distances to definite points—to wit, the points at which their lofts are stationed. Many pigeons have flown five hundred miles; a few have flown from seven hundred to eight hundred miles; and a very few have actually come back a thousand miles or more. But such birds are the best athletes of their breed, and their performances are usually made under the most favorable conditions that can be arranged for them. They are trained almost to the day; they are handled throughout by men who have expert knowledge of every detail of the game; and the

weather selected is often such as to give the birds every advantage of wind and visibility. Even thus favored, the best of them could not be trusted to cover such long distances with speed and regularity. There would always be a doubt of their return and a greater doubt of their prompt return.

In war, especially at critical moments, doubt of prompt delivery of important messages must be reduced to the minimum. For obvious reasons it was not possible to give the birds the careful, skillful handling they received for racing in times of peace; it was not possible to select the weather in which they should fly, for battles are fought in fog and rain as well as on pleasant days. But fortunately it was possible as a rule so to regulate the distances to be flown as to make the splendid birds almost infallible in any weather and under the trying conditions imposed by modern warfare.

Of course wherever telephone and telegraph systems were in perfect working order communication over any distance was assured. But there were many important points at which it was not practicable to install the instruments, and many other points where it was not possible at all times to maintain them in working order. Such conditions almost always prevailed in the zone of attack, and it was there that pigeons gave some of their finest service. In that zone telephonic and telegraphic communication was almost always interrupted, if not actually destroyed. Human runners were comparatively slow at best and were usually delayed by the barrage fire and the bad state of the ground. Visual signals were partly or wholly obscured by smoke and dust, and even aerial observation was often suspended owing to the unfavorable weather or to distance from the objective. It was under such conditions that pigeons and dogs were sometimes the only dependable means of communication, and of those two the pigeons were often superior. Smaller and faster and flying high above the earth, a pigeon was not hampered by mud or shell-ploughed ground, and it offered an extremely difficult mark for the enemy. Moreover, it could cover any distance required, whereas few dogs were dependable for more than four miles.

One of the most important duties of the pigeons was to carry messages back from the front through the dangerous zone of attack, either direct to the officers to whom they were addressed or to points of safety where other means of communication, such as telephones, were sure to be working regularly. Such points were nearly always comparatively near the front; that is, from eight to sixty miles away, and such distances for birds capable of covering four hundred or five hundred miles were little more than practice trips. Barring serious accidents

they could reach their lofts as surely and as regularly as a good athlete might walk down to the corner to catch a car or to collect his mail. Consequently the pigeon was virtually certain to carry his message. In the battle of the Somme the French used more than five thousand pigeons, and only two per cent of the birds released with messages failed to return, and that in spite of the worst a resourceful enemy could do to stop them. And even that loss did not necessarily mean that the information carried by the pigeons was not received. In the case of an important message it was usual to send a copy of it by another pigeon. Sometimes two or more extra copies were sent by as many birds. When pigeons were scarce the copy might be sent by the bird carrying the next message.

Messages were attached to the birds in various ways. The commonest and perhaps the best was by means of a pair of small aluminum tubes that fitted snugly one into the other like sections of a telescope and thus formed a capsule or a cylinder closed at both ends. The tube with the slightly larger diameter was fastened by metal bands, mouth upwards, to the leg of the pigeon; the smaller one containing the message was then pushed into the larger, mouth downward. The Italians sometimes used a small chamois-leather envelope, which after receiving the message was buttoned round the leg of the bird. In emergencies the message was simply wrapped round the pigeon's leg and secured by two ordinary rubber bands. Where unusually long messages, sketches or maps were sent they were put into a light cloth knapsack made to fit the rounded breast of the bird and held in position by elastic bands that circled the body and crossed on the back. Sometimes as much as fifteen feet of moving-picture film negative was carried by a pigeon in that way.

The "homes" to which the birds returned were either more or less permanent structures at important centres well in the rear or mobile pigeon lofts that followed the movements of the fighting forces to supply them with the birds they needed and to receive the messages brought back from points at the front. When a mobile loft was moved to a new position the birds were given a few days' preliminary training before being intrusted with important messages.

If a pigeon was released in good condition, failure to return to its loft was usually owing to death from poison gas or from the enemy fire. But so long as the wings were not badly injured it was a desperate wound indeed that prevented a homing pigeon from delivering its message. The loss of a leg or an eye was a common occurrence, and such an injury was not in itself enough to prevent a bird from finishing the task that it had been given to do. In our own army there were several pigeons that distinguished

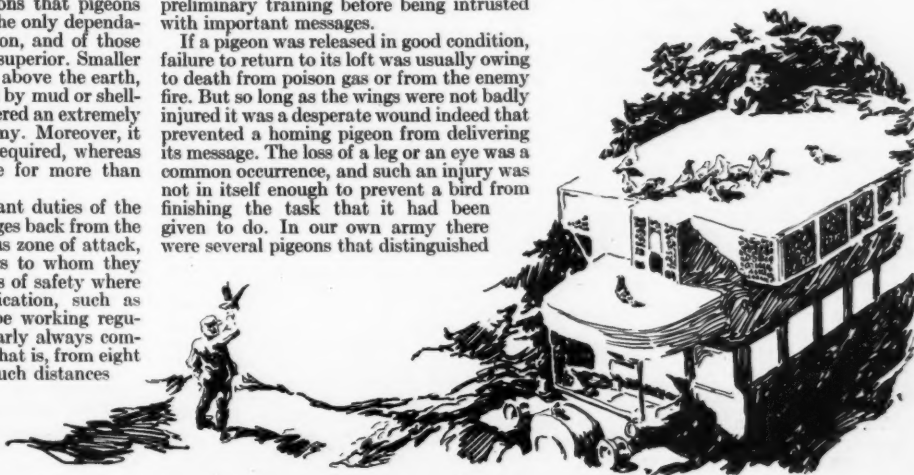
themselves by delivering messages in spite of terrible wounds. Cher Ami, perhaps the best known of American pigeon heroes, had a leg broken by a bullet as he left the trenches at Grand Pré. With the leg hanging by a sinew, he flew almost twenty-five miles and delivered his message in exactly twenty-five minutes. The Poilu, another American pigeon, dreadfully cut about the head and neck, reached headquarters in the Meuse-Argonne sector with information that enabled our gunners to destroy an enemy ammunition train.

The French were very enthusiastic about their pigeon messengers and very grateful for their services. They honored the birds that did splendid work under fire, awarding

Decorated for Gallantry

them crosses and citing them for gallantry. When Commandant Raynal was surrounded at Vaux there were times when pigeons were his only means of communication with Verdun. His last bird but one flew in through a terrible enemy fire and received the Croix de Guerre. His last pigeon, badly mangled, dropped dead as it delivered its message. It was awarded the Legion d'Honneur, and a diploma framed in the colors of the decoration and bearing a brief and dignified citation was hung at headquarters in Chantilly.

But perhaps there is no finer example of the courage of the birds and their determination to reach their homes than the "V.C." pigeon whose mounted figure is to be seen in the United Services Museum at Whitehall, London. This bird was with the British troops engaged in the action fought in the region of Menin Road on October 4, 1917, and at half past one o'clock in the afternoon was sent with a message to divisional headquarters nine miles away. It was struck by a bullet that broke one of its legs, drove the aluminum message carrier into its body and out through its back. Thus badly wounded, it failed to "home" on time, and, as the distance was so short, it was soon given up for lost. But it lay out in the rain all night, and next morning with plumage wet and bloody it staggered into the loft and died of its wounds almost before the officer on duty



could read the message it had brought. Pigeons were also used to effect communication between aviators or balloonists and the grounds. Such men often made observations that they wished to report without descending, and pigeons could be released at almost any height and from machines going even at one hundred miles an hour if the aviators were familiar with the proper methods of handling the birds. As a matter of fact, it was usually possible to slow down the machine for two or three seconds, which permitted the little messenger to escape in safety. A pigeon released in that way did not continue to fly at a great altitude, but made a rapid "stepping" descent until it reached its usual flying height, from three to five hundred feet, when it would circle and then take a direct line for its loft.

It is a well-known fact that comparatively few airmen were expert wireless operators, and during a prolonged reconnaissance it was sometimes found wise to verify important messages by sending copies of them by pigeon post. During seven months of the year 1916 one military loft in France received twenty-four pigeon messages from aeroplanes that had been captured or met with disaster of some kind. The messages contained the last observations or told the fate of between forty and fifty airmen.

Spies often used pigeons because they afforded an almost certain means of communication with a minimum of risk. Birds could easily be carried in the pocket and could be hidden or destroyed if there was danger of detection. Pigeons carried by spies were sometimes provided with cloth hoods that covered the head with the exception of the bill, which protruded through an opening provided for it. Thus blinded, a bird would not attempt to fly, but would remain standing or lying wherever it was placed. A spy could thus drop a pigeon anywhere at the first appearance of danger. He might be searched, and as soon as his searcher had disappeared he could pick up his pigeon from the bushes or wherever he had left it and go on his way. Italian spies on enemy ground were furnished with pigeons at night by aeroplane. The airman would know where a spy would be stationed and would fly above the place, watching for light signals, which the spy would display close to the ground. On seeing them he would shut off his motor, glide silently above the spot and by means of a parachute drop a basket of pigeons, which would float gently down to the man who was expecting them.

Pigeon Baskets

In the same way but without the use of signals pigeons were dropped into Italian territory occupied by the Austrians, and into Belgian and French territory occupied by the Germans, in the hope that loyal inhabitants would find them and send information concerning the enemy. Much valuable news was sent in that manner and the Austrians and Germans attached such consequence to the danger arising from the practice that they posted notices throughout the occupied territory, ordering the inhabitants to report immediately to the nearest military authorities the finding of pigeon baskets and forbidding them to open them under pain of severe punishment. A rough translation of the notice posted by the Austrians and printed both in Italian and in German reads as follows:

Spilimbergo—Imperial and Royal
District Command
Notice

Enemy Spy System

The enemy is in the habit of dropping from aeroplanes little baskets of homing pigeons by means of which they desire to obtain information concerning this side of the line.

The pigeons are placed in little baskets bound with wire netting and marked "Please open."

Any inhabitant who finds one of these baskets must, without tampering with it, report to the nearest military authorities. It is prohibited to open the basket or letters attached to it or to remove them from where they are found.

Inhabitants who disobey these orders are liable to the severest punishment. If they try to escape, they run the risk of being shot instantly.

Any town in which a man secretes one of these pigeons is liable to a fine of from 10,000 to 100,000 lire.

Inhabitants known to give lodging to persons belonging to the Italian Army will be arrested and brought before a military court.

Spilimbergo
7th Sept. 1918.
Imperial and Royal District Command.

The Italians used a large force of homing pigeons, and as elsewhere this messenger service assumed greater and greater proportions as the war progressed. Before the great

retreat of 1917 there were thirty thousand birds; after that the number was increased to fifty thousand, and later two thousand additional pigeons were requisitioned from civilians. Perhaps the greatest single service they rendered the Italian army was on the Piave in June, 1918, when fifteen hundred Italians were surrounded and in grave danger of capture by the Austrians. Two pigeons were liberated at night with a message for help, and as a result reinforcements were sent up, the Italians were rescued, and three thousand five hundred Austrians were taken prisoners.

That is one of the few occasions on which pigeons were intrusted with important messages at night. Experiments in the night flying of pigeons were tried by the French, the British, the Belgians and the Italians, and possibly by other allies. Fairly good results were obtained, and had the war continued it is possible that birds might have been trained to be of practical service in the dark. As it was, both French and British trainers succeeded in getting a fair percentage of birds to home from a distance of about six miles. They were first liberated in the dusk, then a little later each night until there was virtually no light at all. By keeping the loft dimly lighted in the daytime the pigeons' eyes were made extremely sensitive, and as they flew back through the darkness a red light near the entrance of their home helped to guide them to it.

A Tragic Sacrifice

As might be expected, the Belgians had a splendid pigeon service; the headquarters were in Antwerp. At the time the war broke out there was established in that city probably the finest military pigeon loft in the world; there were two thousand five hundred pigeons. They were the special pride of Commandant G. Denuit, chief of the Belgian Pigeon Service. On the 8th of October, 1914, the German hordes were before Antwerp and had decided to take the city that day. It was known that one of the first things they would do would be to seize that wonderful messenger service, which of course would be as useful to them as to the Belgians. Denuit himself told me how that morning with aching heart but with firm purpose he took a torch and fired the great colombier, burning alive two thousand five hundred of the finest pigeons in all the world that they might not be forced into the service of the enemy. He was only just in time, for the Germans burst into the town at noon.

A book might be written on the glorious work rendered by homing pigeons on duty with the seaplane alone, and that book would be full of thrilling chapters. There is nothing more dramatic in the annals of domestic animals than some of the stories of rescues of airmen who must have perished had not their calmly written but desperately urgent appeals for help been delivered safe and on time. And there are hundreds of men now living who owe their lives to pigeons in just that way.

To mention one, let me tell of an incident that occurred not long before the armistice was signed. An aeroplane, badly crippled, crashed into the North Sea far from land. The two men in it would have quickly drowned had not a seaplane come down to their assistance. Unfortunately, the seaplane was injured and could not rise from the water. There were now six men on board. The wireless, as often happens in such cases, was out of commission, and the chief hope was in the homing pigeons, of which there were four. Next morning in spite of a heavy offshore wind a pigeon was released with a message giving the latitude and longitude of the seaplane and asking for help. No help came, and the following morning a second bird was sent with the same message. Again nothing happened, and on the third morning a third pigeon was liberated. Meanwhile the men had nothing to eat, for there was no food aboard; and the only water was that which was condensed in the radiators, and which was dealt out at the rate of about one wine glassful a day per man. As the condition of the men was desperate, they decided not to wait for the fourth morning, but to liberate the fourth bird on the third afternoon, which they did.

It is believed that the first three birds never reached the coast, but that, weak from confinement and lack of food, they were blown back into the North Sea. But the fourth bird did reach the coast, where it dropped dead from exhaustion in the pigeon yard. It was picked up, the message read, and a destroyer was sent straight out to rescue the six men, who thus owed their lives

to the great courage and the splendid flying of a homing pigeon.

We can imagine how those men felt next day when they were being nursed back to strength to learn that the bird that saved them had died in trying to reach its goal.

They took the little body and had it carefully mounted, and today there is to be seen in the headquarters of that aero squadron a neat glass case containing a beautiful pigeon and beneath it the inscription: "A very gallant gentleman."

DOWN THE LION SLIDE

By Harry R. Peterson

A COMBINATION of unusual circumstances found McVicar, forest ranger of the Bowman station, plodding along near a ridge early one morning in August. The week before he had discovered a promising ledge of cinnabar in his territory and was anxious to file his claim in the city at once. Since mercury ore had taken a big jump in value, his ledge might prove extremely profitable.

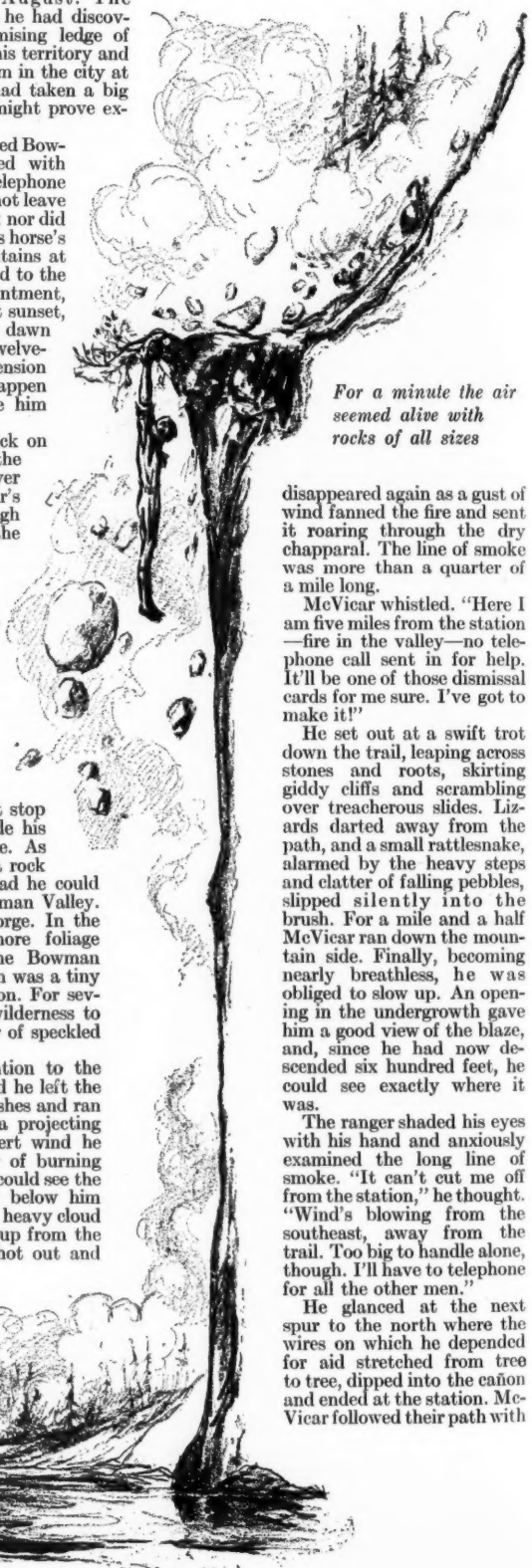
His post in the uninhabited Bowman Valley was connected with civilization only by his telephone wires. Of course he could not leave his station during the day; nor did he wish to risk breaking his horse's legs by crossing the mountains at night. So he had telephoned to the city for an evening appointment, had left his post on foot at sunset, recorded his claim and at dawn had started back on his twelve-mile return trip. Apprehension lest something should happen while he was away made him hurry.

The dust was inches thick on the trail. A hot wind from the desert blew fine particles over the low sage into McVicar's perspiring face, and although it was only nine o'clock, the sun already was blazing fiercely down on the mountain cañons. At the thirty-two-hundred-foot level, which marked the top of the range, McVicar removed the handkerchief that he had tied round his mouth and nose. "Last time I make this trip without a horse!" he said to himself.

Although the climb had been hard, he did not stop to rest, but anxiously made his way along the down grade. As soon as he had rounded a rock spur a hundred yards ahead he could see his territory, the Bowman Valley. It was a deep, wooded gorge. In the centre light green sycamore foliage marked the course of the Bowman River, and near the stream was a tiny red cube, the ranger station. For seventy-five miles into the wilderness to the east rose tier after tier of speckled mountains.

McVicar paid no attention to the familiar panorama. Instead he left the trail, broke through the bushes and ran to the vantage point of a projecting rock. In the choking desert wind he smelled the pungent odor of burning sage. From his boulder he could see the whole valley. Diagonally below him perhaps three miles away a heavy cloud of gray smoke was rolling up from the brush. Spears of flame shot out and

DRAWN BY W. P. DODGE



For a minute the air seemed alive with rocks of all sizes

disappeared again as a gust of wind fanned the fire and sent it roaring through the dry chapparal. The line of smoke was more than a quarter of a mile long.

McVicar whistled. "Here I am five miles from the station—fire in the valley—no telephone call sent in for help. It'll be one of those dismissal cards for me sure. I've got to make it!"

He set out at a swift trot down the trail, leaping across stones and roots, skirting giddy cliffs and scrambling over treacherous slides. Lizards darted away from the path, and a small rattlesnake, alarmed by the heavy steps and clatter of falling pebbles, slipped silently into the brush. For a mile and a half McVicar ran down the mountain side. Finally, becoming nearly breathless, he was obliged to slow up. An opening in the undergrowth gave him a good view of the blaze, and, since he had now descended six hundred feet, he could see exactly where it was.

The ranger shaded his eyes with his hand and anxiously examined the long line of smoke. "It can't cut me off from the station," he thought. "Wind's blowing from the southeast, away from the trail. Too big to handle alone, though. I'll have to telephone for all the other men."

He glanced at the next spur to the north where the wires on which he depended for aid stretched from tree to tree, dipped into the cañon and ended at the station. McVicar followed their path with

his eye for a moment. Then he uttered an exclamation of dismay.

Although the fire was burning the chaparral and the live oaks in a direction away from the trail, it was only about a quarter of a mile from the indispensable wires and was rushing directly towards them! In a short time the flames would make the telephone useless. The only transmitter was at his station. He would be cut off from all aid.

As the crow flies the station was only a mile away, but on account of several dangerous precipices the trail wound round the mountain in a succession of coils, so that the ranger must cover four miles before he could reach his headquarters. In half an hour at the most he would be unable to use his telephone. Other rangers would see the smoke from the conflagration later, but by that time it would be far beyond control and would consume the whole valley. It would mean disgrace and loss of his position.

In despair McVicar thought of hurrying back across the mountains for help. But upon reflection he saw that by doing so he would only make his position worse. Why not signal to the next ranger? Unfortunately, the neighboring station was invisible from the Bowman range.

"Serves me right for trying to make more money!" groaned McVicar as he ran on down the trail.

A few yards beyond, the path turned sharply to the south and began a succession of corkscrew curves. The detour was necessary, because there the long spur, worn off in some former age, ended in a huge gravely precipice of shale five hundred feet high. Because McVicar had once shot a mountain lion near the edge, the drop was called the Lion Slide. In its death spring the beast had jumped out on the shale and rolled to the river below.

On the brink McVicar stopped and looked down. The great cliff of loose shale was steep, but by no means vertical. At the bottom was a deep pool in the Bowman River. Numerous large boulders were imbedded in the gravel of the slide, and some sixty feet from the base a sharp rocky ledge projected several yards into midair. If he could get down the Lion Slide he might reach his station in a few minutes. The telephone wires would be useless long before he could cover the three miles of winding trail.

The ranger measured the angle with his eye and rolled a stone down the cliff. In a cloud of dust and moving shale it dropped swiftly to the ledge, broke into several fragments and fell into the river. McVicar tried to imagine what would happen should he dislodge many of the rocks or strike that ledge when shooting down the shale. He looked again at the fire. It was steadily growing larger and eating its way towards his wires. He again tied his neck scarf carefully over his mouth and nose and let himself down over the brink.

"Here goes!" he said to himself and released his hold.

For the first few seconds he dropped so rapidly that his breath was almost taken away. In the cloud of dust and moving gravel he could see nothing except that the ledge below seemed to be shooting towards him. In a frantic attempt to stop his fall he spread out his arms and clutched at the treacherous gravel. He succeeded only in bruising his arms against the stones.

The ranger shut his eyes. Every moment he expected to shoot out into space over the edge of the precipice or to be knocked unconscious against the rocks. All at once he felt that the slide was not so steep. Instantly he threw out his arms, dug them into the gray shale and grasped a small bush that was growing on the side of the cliff. Straining his muscles to keep his hold, he managed to check his fall, although he nearly uprooted the shrub.

Fifty feet below him on the slide was the sharp, jutting ledge; sixty feet underneath it the river broadened into a large pool. Clinging to the face of the cliff, McVicar peered down desperately. He must reach the ledge, where he could rest and examine the lower part of the drop. A sudden shift of the wind blew a thick whirl of smoke into his eyes. Below the valley was filled with the dense cloud. He could hear the crash of falling branches and the cries of frightened birds and coyotes.

A low murmur that increased to a steady roar made him look up at the slide. Far above a section of shale dislodged by his fall had gathered more and more debris as it moved,

until it had become an avalanche of gravel and dust. Scores of the loose boulders were dropping down the slide. A great rock five feet in diameter whizzed past him, crashed against the ledge and dropped into the river. Stones of all sizes were falling down the cliff ahead of the moving shale.

McVicar bitterly regretted his foolhardiness in attempting the slide. There seemed no chance to get down alive. He let himself drop down to the ledge and crouched there for a moment. A small, flat plateau twenty yards long and ten feet wide formed the top side, and the rocks projected several feet out into space. On the edge was a large bush, the roots of which were firmly imbedded in a crevice.

If the ranger could hang over the brink from that bush, the angle of the ledge would protect him from the imminent danger of the falling boulders, which on account of their weight were reaching the ledge ahead of the shale. The level plateau would stop the moving gravel for a minute or two until enough had accumulated for it to overflow. He pulled with all his force on the bush; it held firm. Then he seized the upper branches and carefully swung himself over the edge.

For a minute the air seemed alive with rocks of all sizes that crashed over the ledge, spun in mid air and splashed into the river. At any moment a mass of stone might break the bush to which McVicar was hanging and hurl him down under the avalanche.

Suddenly the rocks stopped falling. A cloud of yellow dust half-choked McVicar, and he knew from the rattle of gravel and the rumble of moving dirt that masses of shale were piling up on the shelf above him. Now was the time to drop, before the shale buried him under its weight. Through the dust he could see that the pool was directly underneath him. It might be half-filled with the stones. Still it was his only chance.

Shutting his eyes, the ranger dropped. He held his breath. For an instant there was a rush of air and the horrible feeling of endless space beneath. Then he was dimly aware that he was under water and grasping the bottom of the pool. The icy mountain water revived him; he tore the handkerchief from his face and swam desperately away from the base of the cliff. When his lungs could not stand the strain any longer he rose to the surface and shook the water from his eyes. With a deep roar ten after ten of shale was falling into the part of the pool he had just left. A great wave washed him towards the shore, and he lay on the bank, panting and exhausted. The shale slide had completely filled up one side of the pool.

Summoning all his remaining strength, McVicar limped through the smoke to his station a few hundred yards away. Would he be in time to use his telephone? On account of the smoke he could not see whether the wires were down. He opened the door of his little cabin, ran to the wall and rang the bell to call the city. For a minute there was no response, and his heart sank. Then came the familiar voice from headquarters. His heart beat fast as he called:

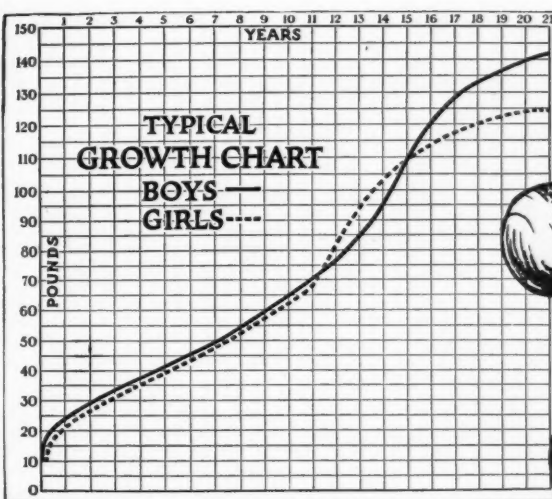
"Send all the men—fire near the Bowman, section 153—wind southeast—too large to handle."

"OK," came the answer. "We'll have—" The sentence broke off, and a dull buzzing followed. The flames had reached the wires. McVicar picked up his fire-fighting apparatus, opened the door and started towards the blaze. "Wasn't much time to spare!" he said to himself.

PURR-RR-RR

UNLIKE Dickens, Thackeray did not delight in placing among the men and women of his novels unforgettable little portraits of their dogs and cats, parrots or canaries. Nor do we think of Thackeray as having that personal fondness for domestic creatures which was characteristic of Dickens, whose own dogs no less than his favorite raven, Grip, figure largely in his letters. But Thackeray's daughter, Lady Ritchie, gives in her recently published letters several delightful little glimpses of her own and her friends' pets; and in one brief and charming note she even ventures to interpret a few words from Feline into English. She writes to her friend Mrs. Gerald Ritchie:

"Solomon (the cat) has been purring messages, tell Peggy. He purrposes to write, but says it is superrrrfluous to say how much he misses her, and that he is purrfectly lost without her to stroke his back. He has tried my lap, but he doesn't much like it; he finds it too purrpendicular, and he sends his love purr me."



Do you measure up to the standards shown on this chart? Perhaps this page will help to put you there—or to keep you there.

How good are your chances of making the team?



TO MAKE the team! It's the ambition of every red-blooded boy. Honor and glory go with it. And personal satisfaction and honest pride beyond the power of words to describe.

But only a few will make it. The ones who are quick to act—with alert brains and steady nerves. The ones who are well developed physically—who have the strength and stamina to play a grueling, wearing game. How do you stack up in these qualities?

The chart above gives the figures that the truly healthy boy should weigh at various ages. Healthy boys are the ones who take proper care of themselves. They get plenty of fresh air and exercise—and the right amount of sleep. They keep their bodies strong and fit by eating the foods that are good for them. They refrain from drinking coffee or tea—habits which are bad for anyone trying to make any team.

A Harmful Habit

Coffee contains a stimulant called caffeine—a drug that upsets digestion, disturbs the nervous system, and tends to dull mental activity. Caffeine robs energy from the body, and helps retard physical growth. An investigation among school children showed that children who took coffee averaged 1½ pounds to 4 pounds less in weight, and ½ inch to 1 inch less in height than those who didn't drink coffee. Four pounds less in weight and 1 inch less in height might make all the difference in the world when you're trying to make the team!

© 1925, P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

Every fellow likes, and needs, a hot drink at mealtime. But why take harmful coffee when you can get a delicious, *drugless* drink like Postum? Postum is whole wheat and bran—roasted, with a little sweetening added. All wheat! The wholesome grain abounding in energy and strength. Can you think of a drink more healthful than that? Hardly! It is the favorite drink in 2,000,000 American homes.

A New Taste!

Did you ever try Instant Postum made with milk? It is delicious! You taste only the wonderful Postum flavor, and at the same time get all the strength-building qualities of the milk. Lots of people who don't like milk like this combination instantly! It can be made right in the cup. And the nutrition value of the milk is just the thing to give you those extra pounds you may need to make the team.

We'd like to have you try Postum for thirty days. You can get it at your grocer's, or we'll send you your first week's supply—free. But we ask you to continue till the thirty days are up—to give it a fair test. And your mother will be pleased to know that Postum costs much less per cup.

It is just as easy to cultivate healthful habits as it is to have harmful ones. Here is one delightful way to help keep you strong and fit—to help you make the team! Send the coupon in now!

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CEREAL CO., INC., Battle Creek, Mich. Y.C. 3-25
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . ☐ Check
POSTUM CEREAL . . . ☐ which you prefer

Name
Street
City State

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.
45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario



President Friedrich Ebert of Germany

FACT AND COMMENT

CONSULT YOUR CONSCIENCE and you may not have to consult your lawyer.

'Tis well to make a Garden, but 'tis fitter To clean the Yard of Rubbish Heaps and Litter.

DOING YOUR DUTY is not enough; it is what you do over and above duty that tells what you are.

A FORMER INDIAN OFFICIAL says that rats are one of the greatest curses of India. There are hundreds of millions of them, and they cannot be exterminated because of religious beliefs. The Hindu will harry the rat, but will not kill him; the Mohammedan, who does not object to killing, knows that without help he can do nothing. And so the evil continues. It is no exaggeration to say that, if the number of rats could be kept down to a reasonable figure, the wealth of India would be increased a fifth.

A BOLD SPORTSMAN who lived in England a hundred years ago when the railway was new accepted an invitation to go with a house party for a run of five miles by rail. In a letter written in 1829 he gives this account of his experience: "The quickest motion is to me frightful; it is really flying, and it is impossible to divest yourself of the notion of instant death to all upon the least accident's happening. It gave me a headache that has not left me yet." The train in which he rode "flew" at the terrific speed of twenty-three miles an hour.

STREET LIGHTING is comparatively modern. Paris was the first city in the world to establish it; in 1558 the inhabitants were ordered to place lanterns containing lighted candles in front of their houses. In 1788 bowls of pitch or resin were substituted. Illuminating gas was first used for street lighting in London in 1809. Twelve years later Baltimore tried it. Not till 1881 did electric arc lights appear; they were first used in the streets of New York City. Gas mantle lamps appeared in this country in 1896.

A FIDDLERS' CONTEST was held recently in the courthouse at Jonesboro, Tennessee. There were thirteen contestants, each of whom was allowed two periods of two minutes each. All played the old favorites, such as Forked Rufus, Billy in the Lowland, Ma had the Measles and Pa had the Mumps, and Governor Taylor's Fox Chase. When each fiddler had had his turn the contestants played in groups. The country folk who filled the courthouse laughed and applauded, and no doubt many of the older ones thought fondly of the good old days when a gun, a dog and a fiddle were the articles of furniture most necessary, in the man's opinion at least, to make a home.

AN INDIAN GRAVE, believed to be that of Chief Nampuh, the leader of the Piutes, has been found in Idaho. Companion readers will remember Nampuh of the monstrous foot, who played so great a part in our serial story A Message to Chief Joseph. In the region called the Craters of the Moon an explorer came upon a flat rock on which an arrow had been carved. Following the direction that the arrow indicated, he found other rocks marked with other arrows; at the end of the trail was a huge heap of stones. A flat stone on top was inscribed crudely with the figure of an Indian and a circle, the death

sign of the old Piute tribes. The feet and hands of the figure, like those of the Piute chief, were extraordinarily large. Whether the grave proves to be that of Nampuh or not, it doubtless contains articles of historic interest.

PRESIDENT EBERT

SIX years ago, when Friedrich Ebert was elected first president of the German republic, the world was prepared to expect little of him. A short, fat, unimpressive figure of a man with a good-humored but otherwise ordinary face, he did not look like a personage, still less like a man who could guide Germany skillfully through the dangerous years that were quite clearly before it. But the little saddle-maker, turned labor-union secretary and then Socialist politician, soon showed himself to be a man of character and ability. Never brilliant, he had perhaps better and certainly safer qualities than brilliancy. He was cautious, cool-headed, straightforward, determined. To him more than to any other public man of Germany is due the credit for convincing the world that the German Republicans are really sincere in their revolt against monarchy; and to him more than to any other person is owing the unexpected stability and strength with the people that the German republic has shown. The confidence and affection that the German nation had come to cherish for him was strikingly displayed as his body was borne to the grave. The throngs that filled the streets wept and cried aloud as the funeral cortege passed along; hundreds of them were so overcome by their emotion that they fainted and fell senseless to the ground—an extraordinary scene.

Herr Ebert's death just now is a misfortune. The world would have breathed more easily if, as seemed most likely, he had lived to be reelected president, for it had come to have confidence in his sincerity and in his modest but real leadership of his people. We do not know who will be chosen to succeed him; the former Chancellor, Dr. Marx, is probably the man best fitted for the office; but if the Socialists present a candidate of their own, and if the Nationalists, who are pretty strongly monarchial, present another, no one can tell how the voters will divide. There is some danger that the monarchists may succeed in putting in some one who, like Marshal MacMahon in the early days of the French republic, will be meant merely to keep the seat warm for the king who is to come. But just as the plans of the French Royalists went awry between the ambitions of the Bourbons and of the family of Napoleon, so the rivalries of Hohenzollern and Wittelsbach may work to the permanence of the German republic.

The great danger is that the new president, whether Royalist, Socialist or Republican, may not support with the firmness and good faith that Herr Ebert displayed the arrangement known as the Dawes plan, under which so much progress has been made toward peace and a good understanding between France and Germany. It is a moment of crisis for Europe; may the German people's choice be a wise and hopeful one!

JAPAN AND RUSSIA

JAPAN and Soviet Russia have lately come to an understanding and signed a treaty that is of interest not only to the contracting parties but also to the other nations that trade in the northern Pacific.

The Japanese were more canny than the French and English statesmen who brought about treaty relations between their countries and Russia. M. Herriot did not get any acknowledgment of the vast sums that Russia borrowed from France before and during the war, Mr. MacDonald did not get any trade concessions worth having for British industry; but the Japanese have, it appears, got something tangible; that is, the right to exploit oil deposits wherever they are found on the island of Saghalien.

Ever since Japan defeated Russia in war twenty years ago the southern half of the island below the fiftieth parallel of latitude has belonged to Japan; the northern half remained Russian. The significance of the new treaty is that exclusive rights appear to have been granted to the Japanese in that northern half, although by the four-power treaty signed at Washington in 1922 it was agreed that Japan, Great Britain, France and the United States should none of them ne-

gotiate for or accept from other Pacific nations any trade privileges that were not open to the other three. It is certain that the new treaty will be scanned with a good deal of care at London, Paris and Washington, and that, if it contains the provisions that are reported, Japan will have explanations to make.

It is evident of course that the oil concessions on Saghalien will be of great importance to Japan if they are as valuable as people suppose. They will be of more importance to Japan than to any other great power, for Japan is much worse off for oil in her own territories than any of the others. There is uneasiness too in many minds lest the new treaty be part of a scheme for drawing Japan, China and Russia together in defiance of the Western nations. The potential strength of such an alliance would be great of course, but in view of the disorganization of government in China and of industry in Russia only a small part of that strength could actually be exerted except under rigid discipline at the hands of the Japanese, to which neither Chinese nor Russians would be docile.

Nor do we believe the Soviets are sincerely attached to the Japanese, although they will gladly use them as a club with which to fight the nervous Western nations. Already we hear it whispered that Russia would be glad to abandon or modify the treaty if the United States would recognize the Soviet government. That would be the greatest triumph which Russian diplomacy could win; for Russia has, or thinks it has, far more to gain from us than from Japan and certainly far less to fear.

EXECUTIVE ABILITY

IF there were a good fairy to bestow special talents on new-born babies, prudent parents nowadays would do well to invoke for their offspring the gift of executive ability. No other qualification is so likely in the long run to command a handsome material reward, and prudent parents always wish to insure, so far as they can, the material prosperity of their children.

This is an age of organization and standardization. Persons who have the faculty of organizing and standardizing the work of other people seldom find themselves reduced to penury and seldom break down from overwork. Tom Sawyer, getting his friends to whitewash the fence for him, displayed executive ability of a high order.

A person who has that gift may be defined as one who is always seeing things to be done and getting other people to do them. To have executive ability and to exercise it constantly is not necessarily to be unamiable; but persons who are thus endowed and who find their chief enjoyment in exercising their talent usually do become unamiable. Some people take up executive work reluctantly, others with enthusiasm. The former are more human and not less efficient.

The trained executive brings order out of confusion, eliminates waste, speeds up production and builds according to his resources, which he misses no opportunity to augment. He knows his own mind and is prompt in making decisions. If they prove mistaken, he is not greatly disturbed; he is already too much occupied in deciding new questions to be concerned with past mistakes. There is nothing particularly interesting in his mental processes. He is not original or creative or picturesque, but he is systematic and careful.

The autocratic executive, though he has not changed his nature, has found it necessary to mend his manners. Dictatorial and arrogant methods of enforcing the executive will are passing. Modern democracy is impatient of them, and workingmen's organizations have been pretty successful in combating them, though sometimes only to adopt the obnoxious tone themselves. The tactful ways of the diplomatic executive have generally replaced the domineering methods of the feudal overlord that characterized industrial life forty years ago.

WHO PAYS THE FREIGHT?

THE Western farmer whose wheat brings him too low a price is easily persuaded that he pays the freight, and that lower freight rates would enable him to get a higher price. The Eastern consumer whose flour costs more than he likes to pay is equally certain that he pays the freight, and that lower rates would enable him to buy his

flour cheaper. It is not improbable that the miller and the baker think that lower freight rates would benefit them. Perhaps they are all right to some extent, but it is obvious that, if the farmer pays all the freight, the others pay none of it, and that, if the consumer pays it all, the others pay none of it. It is quite possible that the freight is divided among them, and that the advantage of lower rates would likewise be divided, and that each would gain only a part of it.

No one likes to pay freight or any other cost, and no one will do it if he can help it. The farmer would avoid it if he could, and so would the consumer. The question who pays the freight or the greater part of it is largely the question who has the greater power of resistance. If freight rates go up, what can the wheat grower do about it if the Eastern buyers of wheat try to make him accept a lower price and thus make him pay the freight? Or what can the consumer do about it if the millers and merchants try to charge a higher price for flour and thus make him pay the freight? If the consumer has alternatives,—that is, if there are other things grown nearer home that he can eat,—he may refuse to buy the flour at the higher price. If the farmer has no alternative, he cannot help himself. Where those two conditions prevail the farmer and not the consumer will certainly pay the freight; and if we assume the opposite conditions, the opposite conclusion will follow.

As a matter of fact some wheat is grown in the Eastern and Southern states, where the farmer can easily turn from wheat to butter, cotton, tobacco or some other crop that combines high value with small weight and thus avoid the freight on the bulkier product, wheat. But most of the wheat is grown on land that is either too dry or too cold for many other crops. In other words, most wheat growers have no alternative except to grow wheat. Most consumers, however, have many alternatives. That gives the consumer the advantage and enables him to shift the burden of freight rates back to the wheat grower. In other words the farmer would get most of the benefit of lower freight rates on wheat, and the consumer very little of it.

BEARDS AND VIRILITY

ONE of the scions of British aristocracy whose advanced thinking has led them into the Labor party is Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, late Undersecretary of Foreign Affairs in Mr. MacDonald's ministry. Out of office Mr. Ponsonby directs his restless mind toward checking the decay of British manhood, which he ascribes to the general use of the razor. The clean-shaven young men whom he observes in London strike him as pale and anemic, dominated and even cowed by their women, whose manners are singularly bold and masculine. Proceeding apparently on the good old fallacy, *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, Mr. Ponsonby recommends the immediate cultivation of beards. Apparently he doesn't care whether they be Galway sluggers, lambrequins, Piccadilly weepers, Van Dycks, spinnakers, Belshazzars, chinchillas, full beavers, lace curtains, mutton chops or the stylish moustache and imperial that are the third Napoleon's chief title to be remembered in history. The main thing is for man to grow hair on his face. Behind that shelter, Mr. Ponsonby thinks, he will recover his self-confidence and virility. He will feel himself once more a man and the lord of creation. Women will become modest as of yore; their skirts will lengthen and become fuller; their voices will become once more sweet and low; their manners will no longer be bold and mannish. The desirable days of the Victorian era will return, when men were men and women were ladies.

This is surprisingly reactionary thinking for a radical and surprisingly superficial thinking for an intelligent man. There are fashions in hair among men as well as among women. In the sixteenth century beards were "in." For the two succeeding centuries they were "out," but they were "in" again in the nineteenth, or a part of it, and "out" in the twentieth. The sea kings of Elizabeth's day, who destroyed the Spanish Armada, wore beards, and they were a virile race, but were they any more so than the shaven heroes who beat Napoleon on the sea and finally on the land? Were our smooth-faced forefathers of the Revolution any less men than the moustached and bearded soldiers of the Civil War? The ancient

Romans wore beards when they were the citizens of a small but ambitious city on the Tiber and again when they were declining to their fall, but when they were masters of the world they plied the razor faithfully. Look at a bust of Julius Caesar or of Agrippa and then at the bust of the curled and bearded Marcus Aurelius and say in which countenance the quality of manliness is more apparent.

A beard is often of service to conceal a drooping lip or an indecisive chin and thus to give to the face a specious air of force and firmness that further acquaintance proves to be deceptive. It never conferred strength of will or manliness on anyone who did not already have the quality. Mr. Ponsoby's theory that women can so easily be imposed upon by a tuft of hair upon a man's chin is untenable. Not everywhere do they "stram" about as Mr. Ponsoby sees them do in the London restaurants. There are still legions of women who are as gentle-mannered and as circumspect in dress as their grandmothers were. Those who are not will grow modest and retiring when that becomes the fashion in the circles in which they move. That time will surely come; the men can hasten its arrival more by showing that they do not like boldness in women than by raising Dundrearies on their jaws or goatees on their chins.

As for beards, we do not expect them ever again to be more than a passing fashion. Women may tolerate them, but we don't believe they ever really like them; and the behavior of either sex is in the end generally determined by the likes and dislikes of the opposite sex.

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CURRENT EVENTS

AS is usually the case at the end of the short session of Congress, almost all important measures except the appropriation bills failed to pass. Some of them were talked to death, others were the victims of hostile filibustering, still others stuck fast in committee and could not be dislodged in time for action. Although each house of Congress must bear part of the responsibility

for the result, the share of the Senate is the heavier. The upper house is notoriously dilatory in all matters of legislation; and, since it has no rules that permit the majority to force a vote on any subject, it is a simple matter for a few obstructionists, or even for one man, to prevent the passage of a bill. The impotence of Congress to do anything except routine business during the short session is one of the best arguments for fixing the inauguration of the President in January and the meeting of Congress for a full session at that time. The postal-salary bill was one of the few that passed. President Coolidge signed it. The bill to increase the pay of Senators and Representatives to \$10,000 a year also passed and became law. There was no action on the Muscle Shoals bill, on farm relief or on the Isle of Pines treaty.

THE inauguration of President Coolidge was attended with less display than usual owing to the President's desire for economy and his dislike of show. The parade was shorter and less brilliant than it has been for many years, and there was no inaugural ball. The exercises on the east front of the Capitol were held in the presence of the usual throng. The inaugural address was brief and pithy, as Mr. Coolidge's public utterances always are; it was broadcast by radio, so that many millions of people listened to the President's voice. An interesting incident was the presence of the President's father, who is in his eightieth year. It will be remembered that four years ago President Harding's father saw his son inaugurated.

GENERAL MITCHELL remains the storm centre of the debate over our policy in respect to military aviation. Admiral Jones contradicts General Mitchell's assertion that Japanese aeroplanes alone could take the Philippines, but thinks that with the aid of the fleet they could easily do it. Admiral Sims, retired, who is famous for his unconventional and advanced treatment of all naval problems, testified that General Mitchell was right in saying that battleships were almost helpless against attacks from the air. He believes that the day of the battleship is over; the aeroplane carrier is the "capital ship" of the future, he says; but he does not agree with General Mitchell that aviation, both military and naval, should be under a single head coordinate with the heads of the Army and Navy departments. General Mitchell has been accused of printing articles on the subject of military aviation without the consent of the President and the Chief of the Army Air Service, properly obtained. He denies the charge, and the fact seems to be that there was a misunderstanding in the matter rather than open defiance on his part of his superiors. At all events he was not reappointed Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service; Lt. Col. Fechet succeeds him.

IT is to be Mr. Speaker Longworth for the next two years. The Republican caucus nominated the Ohio Congressman, who is the son-in-law of the late President Roosevelt, and his election will follow as a matter of course. Mr. John Q. Tilson of Connecticut will succeed Mr. Longworth as Republican floor leader.

NOT all is serene in the ranks of the British Labor party. There is an element in the party, led by the members from the Clyde-side, Glasgow and its suburbs, that is extremely Radical and ultra-Socialistic, verging on Communism. The London newspapers call them the "wild men." They were disappointed, to use no stronger term, at the comparative moderation of the MacDonald administration. One of their leaders, Mr. Kirkwood, has stirred up all Britain by attacking the Prince of Wales for traveling about the world as he does at government expense. Mr. Kirkwood declared that the Prince was being made a "clown, to drum up Empire trade," and that, instead of trotting all over the world to be made a show of, he had better stay at home and apply his talents to finding some way of helping the millions who are out of employment or on half time. Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Clynes and other Labor party leaders hastened to rebuke Mr. Kirkwood publicly, but the dour Scotch Radical remains unrepentant.

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DRAWN BY DOROTHY LAKE GREGORY

THE GRAY GOOSE AND THE WISHING STONE

By Eleanor Fairchild Pease

ONE fine fall morning when Tomkin was feeding the ducks the farmer's wife called to him and said, "Things are in a bad way, Tomkin, since my good man fell from the hayrick and hurt his leg so that he could not work. There is scarcely any food left in the larder and only a couple of pennies rattle about in the blue jar where I keep our savings. Today I must work in the fields. You will have to take the gray goose to market and see if you cannot trade her or sell her."

So Tomkin set forth to market with the little gray goose under his arm, and he was very sorry, because he knew the farmer's wife was fond of the gray goose and it grieved her to part with it.

He had not gone far when he came upon a band of rovers all headed for the market too, there to trade horses and tell fortunes and sing and dance for money.

"Good morning, my pretty lad," said the black-eyed leader to Tomkin, "and where may you be bound for with that fine gray goose under your arm?"

"To market," said Tomkin, "to trade her."

"Is that so?" said the rover gayly. "What do you say to saving yourself a long journey and making a trade right now?"

"Well enough, if it be a good trade," answered Tomkin.

Then the rover winked a wink that Tomkin did not see and, reaching into his pocket, drew forth an old blue kerchief, which he unrolled until Tomkin could see that it held a small white stone that glistened in the sun. The rover held it up to the light. "A very beautiful stone, and worth much to the right person, no doubt. What do you say to trading it for the gray goose?"

Now Tomkin was young and had never done much trading. He thought from the way the man talked that the stone must be valuable. "Perhaps I can sell it for a great deal of money," he thought, "and buy enough food to last many days." So he said to the rover, "I'll trade the gray goose for that white stone." And he handed the gray goose, squawking and protesting, to the dark-eyed rover and took the stone. Then he hurried back to show the farmer's wife his prize.

"See," he cried, "I have traded the gray goose for this valuable white stone."

The farmer's wife looked at it and then to Tomkin's astonishment she put up her

RED SHOES

By Louise Ayres Garnett

Hoot! Scoot!
What a to-do!
Baby has eaten
His little red shoe,
Pretty red shoe
For his little right
foot
That kicks in its
stocking
And will not stay put.
Run to the cobbler
And get him another,
A twin, if you please,
For the little left
brother.



apron and began to cry loudly. "O Tomkin, what have you done? That is just an old stone picked up from the roadside. Run quickly and get the old gray goose back from him. Run, run, and don't come back without the goose!" she cried.

Tomkin felt frightened at what he had done, and he hurried away on the road to market. Though he ran and ran, he did not overtake the band of rovers. At last, feeling very sad and heavy-hearted, he came to the great hill that leads up into the town. It was steep, and the sun was hot, and Tomkin was tired. At the foot of the hill an old woman sat resting in the shade, with a cart full of apples and potatoes that she was taking to market beside her.

"Good morning," said Tomkin; although he was very tired, he felt sorry for her. "May I help you up the hill?"

"That you may, my sweet lad," she answered.

Tomkin grasped the handle of the cart and pushed the cart up the long hill, and the old woman walked beside him. As they climbed he told her of the foolish thing he had done in trading the gray goose for a little white stone, though he had thought that the stone was valuable.

The old lady listened kindly, and when they reached the top of the hill she said, "Let me see the stone, Tomkin."

Tomkin brought out the white stone from his pocket and gave it to her. As she held it in her hand it seemed to grow brighter and brighter. Suddenly she gave it back to him.

"Take it, Tomkin," she said. "Because you have shown what a good heart you have I will help you out of your trouble. For a little while this shall be a magic stone, and it will give you one wish. Now good-by, Tomkin, and be careful what you do."

Suddenly Tomkin found himself alone on the top of the hill; the old lady and her cart had disappeared and except for the shining stone in his hand he should have thought he had been dreaming. "She must have been a fairy," he said at last.

Back into his pocket went the stone and on walked Tomkin. He could see the town now. By the roadside the fall flowers were nodding, and yellow bees flew from one stalk to another, and orange and blue butterflies fluttered, and grasshoppers leaped crazily about. In his delight at watching them Tomkin forgot the white stone and the gray goose, and when at last he came to a tree on a branch of which a bird sat singing, singing, singing, he listened to it a moment and then said:

"I wish I could sing like that!"

Suddenly something swelled up in his throat. As he stood there in the road he felt that he could sing like a bird. Tomkin had made his wish!

He walked along the road to town, singing. He went into the town. He stopped beside the flower market. He felt that he must sing and sing.

"If I stand beside your flower stand and sing," he said to a flower girl, "perhaps people will come and buy flowers from you."

"Oh, yes," she said and made room for him.

Tomkin stood and sang and people crowded round, and when he stopped they cheered and called for more and threw money at him until his cap and pockets were filled.

And when at last he was tired from singing the girl in the flower market gave him a big handkerchief to tie his money in and advised him to go home with it and give it to the farmer's wife.

Tomkin started to take her advice, but as he pushed his way through the crowd he saw the dark-eyed rover standing with the gray goose under his arm. He had not been able to sell her or to trade her and had decided to roast her for his supper that night. When he saw Tomkin his teeth flashed in a smile.

"Good afternoon, pretty lad," he said. "If I had known that you had such a fine voice, I should have taken you instead of the gray goose."

"Oh," said Tomkin, as innocent as ever, "I had no voice then. It was the stone you gave me that made me sing. A kind fairy

cast a spell on it and made it a wishing stone, and when I wished that I might sing like a bird I did."

Then with all his soul the dark-eyed rover wanted the white stone back, because Tomkin had said it was a magic stone.

"See here, my lad," he said, "what do you say to trading the stone for the gray goose again. You see, she is as good as ever. Give me the stone and I will give you back the goose."

For a moment Tomkin did not know what to do. The gray goose stretched her neck to him and squawked pitifully, and he thought that if the rover kept her she might soon be roasted. That would be sad, for Tomkin liked the old gray goose. Then he remembered what the farmer's wife had said, "Don't come back without the gray goose." That settled it; money was jingling in his pocket, and now he could have the gray goose back. So he handed the white stone to the rover and took the gray goose and started for home.

As the rover looked at the stone in the palm of his hand its brilliance seemed to die out. The truth was that now that Tomkin had made his wish the magic had gone from it and it was nothing but the common white stone it had been at first, though neither Tomkin nor the rover knew it.

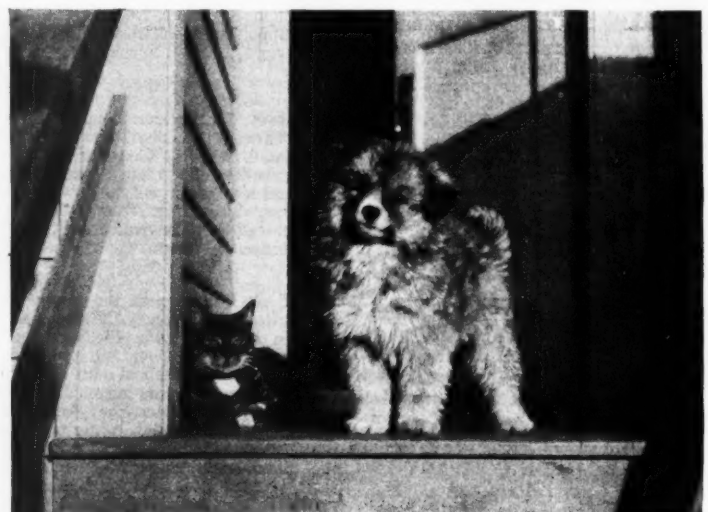
As he trotted down the long hill Tomkin saw with surprise that the old lady was sitting under the tree with her apple cart. "Good afternoon, Tomkin," she said. "I see you have your gray goose back. Always keep your kind heart, and next time keep your wits and make a better



THE FRIENDLY PUPPY By Eleanor Hammond

I'm friends with the postman
Who whistles down the street;
I'm pals with the butcher boy
Who comes to bring the meat.

I frisk and bounce about
When I hear mother's feet;
And dash to meet our daddy
Coming home along the street.



A friendly sniff for agents
Who knock upon the door,
A wag for the woman
Who scrubs the kitchen floor.

I'm chums with all the boys
Who play with Bobby, here;
When baby pulls my tail
I lick his small pink ear.

I'm even friends with Mitzie,
The scratchie, spitzie cat—
I'm sure that nobody could be
Much friendlier than that!

And Mitzie does not run from me
And climb the cherry tree.
Why, I love almost everyone,
And everyone loves me!

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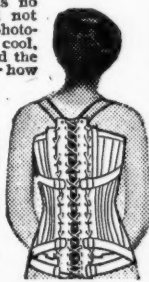
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KLOZE-SAVERS, Dept. YC-1 Boston, 31, Mass.

trade, for I may not be round to help you out, if you don't."

"Aye, that I will," said Tomkin. "And I thank you for your kindness to me today."

When he reached home he told the farmer's wife about it, but when he mentioned the fairy who had helped him she put back her head and laughed.

"There's no such thing as a fairy," she said. "You dreamed it."

"But here is the gray goose, and here is the money," said Tomkin.

"True enough, but can you sing?"

Tomkin opened his mouth to sing, but instead of the rich birdlike notes there came from his throat only a little piping tune.

"No," said Tomkin, "the magic did not last."

And he wondered whether he had dreamed it.

And the dark-eyed rover when he looked at the stone and found that its magic would not work wondered whether he too had dreamed.

WHY MRS. BROWN'S APPLE PIE SMILED

By Frances Margaret Fox

WRENS are such little birds that Mrs. Brown, who lived on a farm, was always wondering how Father Wren could sing so loud and scold so noisily. How her big turkey gobble could say "gobble-gobble-gobble" so loud didn't astonish Mrs. Brown at all, for the gobble was big enough to make a noise that could be heard all over the farm. But one morning something happened that did astonish Mrs. Brown. She looked out of the kitchen window while she was making apple pie—and this is a true story—and saw Mr. Turkey Gobble lift his big flapping wings and go "woosh" up into the air and go flying, "woosh-woosh," to the top of a low barn. That was nothing to be astonished at, because turkeys like to roost in high places.

Mrs. Brown kept on rolling her pie crust and forgot that under the low roof of the barn her little wrens had a nest. Their front door was a knot-hole under the peak of the roof.

As soon as the turkey sat down on the roof to sun his feathers out flew the little mother wren and told him to go away. Mrs. Brown laughed at the sight because the mother wren was so tiny and the turkey was so big. The little wren might have used the end of one of the turkey's tail-feathers for a big umbrella for herself and Father Wren too, if wrens needed umbrellas.

It may be that the turkey smiled at first when Mother Wren told him to go away, but the next second he hopped up and said "gobble-gobble-gobble."

After that Mrs. Brown stopped rolling pie crust to watch a fight. The little wren flew at the big turkey, and the big turkey ruffled his feathers and said "gobble-gobble-gobble" in a terrible way. It was a bad fight, but the little wren felt that she had to make the great turkey go away; she had baby wrens to think about.

The baby wrens must have been frightened that morning when they heard great feet "plopping" on the roof over their heads and listened to the "woosh-wooshing" of wings, to their mother's scoldings and to the turkey's "gobble-gobble."

The mother wren flew at the turkey again and again and the gobble got more annoyed and flustered every minute. At last he couldn't stand it any longer and dropped down off the barn to get away from her, even though all the hens and chickens in the barnyard were looking and laughing.

After that he strutted round the yard saying softly, "Gobble-gobble-gobble-gobble," as if he were thinking, "Did you ever hear the like of that?"

Mrs. Brown never did hear of anything like that; so, when she rolled out the top crust of her pie, instead of making air holes with a fork as usual, she took a sharp knife and cut eyes and nose and a wide, smiling mouth in the top-crust dough. Then she fitted it on over the apples in the dish, trimmed it off round the edges and slipped it into the oven to bake, and while it was baking she just smiled and smiled.

At dinner time when Mrs. Brown put that pie on the table all the children laughed and said, "What makes the pie smile like that?"

"Because," Mrs. Brown answered, "something happened on our farm this morning that was enough to make any pie smile!" Then she told the story of the wren.



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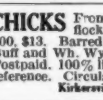
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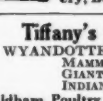


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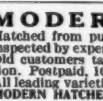
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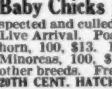
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NEEDLES AND PINS

By Ruby Weyburn Tobias



Ezra the tailor is little and pale;
He works at the back of the shop.
He has talkative eyes and a quaint little smile
And fingers wound up like a top
Sticking needles and pins,
Needles and pins—
When one long seam ends then another begins.

Nat, the proprietor, stands by the door
And welcomes the customers there;
He is portly and bland with a quizzical eye,
And he smiles and makes promises fair;
But his needles and pins,
Needles and pins—
Where Nat's promise ends Ezra's hurry begins!

Ezra's a goal for his thrifty young soul;
He toils thirteen hours a day.
He watches fine ladies come anxiously in
And sally delighted away.
Thanks to needles and pins,
Needles and pins—
When they smile their approval his fortune begins.

Yet when Olive goes by with her timid dark eye
His fingers make pause at their seam;
Let him dream if he will of a home by and by
(So many coats to a dream).
For the needles and pins,
Needles and pins—
They know how to bide when a wooing begins,
Wise little needles and pins!

TWO INDIANS AND THEIR CHILDREN

Tired and cold and hungry, Mr. Vincent and his companion, who were canoeing in the Great Slave Lake district, were glad to see an Indian wigwag; it promised rest and food. When their canoe slid up the bank several children, nearly naked, fled and hid in the woods. Mr. Vincent went towards the wigwag, and a tall, surly looking Indian rose from a fallen tree and slouched toward him.

Mr. Vincent pointed to his mouth and asked for food, but the Indian shook his head. The visitor then held out his hands and said he should like to warm them at a fire, but the Indian again shook his head. Mr. Vincent looked round for the children who ran from him; he saw a tousled head here and there and inquiring, frightened eyes and sunken cheeks. Then he reentered his canoe and pushed off.

A little farther down the river on the opposite bank he came upon another wigwag. The barking dogs brought out a big Indian and four comfortably dressed boys. The Indian greeted the stranger heartily and invited him into his home.

"Plenty fish," said the Indian, waving aside the money that the visitor offered him. "Him cheap."

Mr. Vincent spoke of the Indian on the opposite bank.

"Him my brother, Black Beaver!" said the Indian. "I, Joe Beaver. Black, he no like the missionaries."

"How often do you see missionaries up here?" asked Mr. Vincent.

"One, two, sometimes three times a year, but not for long," said Joe. "They come long way and stay so little, but we learn all we can while they be here."

Joe smiled on his wife and boys, and their dark eyes glistened.

He invited his guests to stay overnight, but they said they had to hurry on.

"Hear him boys sing," said Joe proudly.

Mr. Vincent looked into the fat and smiling faces of the boys; then he thought of Black Beaver's children, and he wondered.

Joe's boys sang a Christian hymn for him, and he praised them and gave each one a coin.

When Mr. Vincent returned to his home he did what he had never done before; he gave his pastor a generous subscription for the missionary fund.

"What does this new interest in missions mean?" asked the delighted minister.

"It means," replied Mr. Vincent, "that I have looked into the faces of the children of a Christian Indian."

TWO GLASSES OF MILK

WHILE out walking one afternoon a well-known surgeon of Baltimore, who was enjoying a vacation in the hills of western Maryland, stopped at a neat but unpretentious little house and asked for a drink of water. The young girl who answered his knock—she was perhaps eighteen years old and pretty—bade him sit down on the porch.

Then she went inside and soon returned with a glass and a pitcher of milk, fresh and cool from the spring house. The doctor drank two glasses, thanked her graciously and offered to pay for the milk, but the girl refused to accept anything. A brief conversation followed in which the doctor learned that her name was Mary Field, and that she made her home there with her mother and father, who were away at the time.

Three months later a young woman was brought into the doctor's private hospital. She was critically ill with acute appendicitis, and an operation was necessary at once. As the patient was wheeled into the operating room the doctor recognized the young woman who had given him the milk. She was too sick to recognize the physician in his white gown. In a few minutes she was under the influence of the anesthetic, and the surgeon was at work.

Three weeks later she was ready to leave the hospital; she had regained her strength more rapidly than even the doctor had hoped. Early in her convalescence she had learned who he was; it was a strange coincidence that she should have been sent to his hospital.

Her father was to come for her in the morning, and they were to go home on the train. He had asked the doctor to have the bill ready for him when he returned. The girl was worried about the probable size of the bill; she knew that the care and attention that she had been receiving were expensive—a good deal more expensive than the family could afford.

Late in the afternoon the doctor came into her room and chatted pleasantly for a little while. As he was about to go he gave her an envelope and said, "This is a statement of all your expenses while here. You may give it to your father in the morning."

With fingers that trembled she took the slip of paper out of the envelope and read: "To Dr. K—, for hospital room and professional services rendered. Received payment in full by Two Glasses of Milk."

INVENTORS, READ THIS!

AN English writer who had noticed in a newspaper an advertisement saying that a successful inventor invited suggestions for things that ought to be invented responded with the following verses:

I'd rather like a golf ball which would give a plaintive squeak
When hidden in long grass to guide the steps of those that seek;
I'd simply love a razor blade which did, in practice, shave

As many times as those concerning which the advertisements rave.

I wouldn't mind on winter nights a new electric sheet
Through which on getting into bed there glowed a gentle heat;
Belinda, who considers cheeks the proper place for roses,
Would like, she says, to see an unobtrusive muff for noses.

I'd like a collar-stud which never rolled into a chink;
I'd like a fountain pen that held a pint or two of ink;
I'd like a phone which always gave the number it was told.

And, oh, I should be thankful for a cure to stop a cold!

I'd like a car that ran itself on kindness and fresh air;
I'd like a way of making sure that summers would be fair.

I'd like—but why extend the list? I think my little rhyme
Contains enough to keep the wizard busy for a time.

THE CRADLE OF THE EAGLET

ALl France, wrote Mr. Sterling Heilig recently in the Boston Herald, is moved by official news that Austria will return to France three relics of Napoleon's son that were originally made in France, and that France always wanted to own. They are the silver cradle presented at his birth to Marie Louise, the boy's Austrian mother, by the city of Paris; the pony carriage later ordered for the little boy by Napoleon himself at the height of his power; and the watchfob formed of a sapphire engraved on its outer surface with the arms of Austria, but upon its concealed inner surface, which could be turned outward at will, with the arms of France—a secret gift of the French partisans of Napoleon's fallen dynasty to the exiled youth whom they hoped one day to restore to a throne. That day never came. The young Eaglet—"L'Aiglon"—pined and died in captivity.

The silver cradle, moulded and carved and in great part heavily gilded, is the work of three French masters of the Empire period—Prud'hon, Rognet and Odier. M. de Montbel, a historian of the Eaglet, thus begins his description of it: "It has the form of a ship triumphantly sailing, surrounded by allegorical figures."

Poor babe, the great Napoleon's babe, triumphantly sailing! The ship rests on a heavy silver foundation. At the head a silver canopy rises. Over it spread the protecting wings of a silver statue of Victory holding two crowns in its hands. The sleeping babe was shaded by gold-threaded silk curtains, falling from the silver canopy below the Victory. At the ship's prow a silver eagle watches the babe's face; its wings are closed tranquilly.

The precious silver monument—the intrinsic and historic value of which is immense—had

been left behind her in Paris by Marie Louise when at the fall of Napoleon, her husband, she returned to her girlhood home in the court of Vienna. The silver cradle was large and heavy.

One day King Louis XVIII of France came across the cradle and sent it to Marie Louise. Years later she sent it to her son, the Eaglet, in his palace. The Eaglet was already grown up. He was the Sad Prince, near to his death, whom we know in Rostand's famous play. With melancholy he contemplated the triumphal cradle, with its Victory holding two crowns! He kept it two days and then sent it to the imperial treasury, near the Hofburg tombs in the Capuchin chapel.

"My cradle will be near my tomb," he said. Now a hundred years since he was laid to rest, with the proud throne of Austria newly toppled into dust and his beloved France long a republic, the cradle of the Eaglet with its guardian eagle still watching the empty nest will return to the land of his birth and the home of his heart and help to keep him unforgotten there.

BEWARE THE JEOPARD!

I WAS for some years a school manager in Somers Town, writes Mr. W. Pett Ridge, the humorist, in his book of reminiscences. The duties of a school manager are not onerous; he has to visit about four of the educational establishments of the London County Council, chat with the head teachers and check the registers there. At the meeting of managers he discusses affairs and sees applicants for teacherships, makes nominations and adjudicates on the rare occasions when a parent has a grievance against a member of the teaching staff. The managers are composed of lady social workers, retired or active tradespeople, clergymen, folk with a certain amount of leisure. Not long ago a group in Poplar, where the thinking is advanced, passed a resolution declaring that no one should be a manager who had not a child in the schools. There are no preliminary tests for the appointment, and a story has been handed down of a manager who, entering a classroom, made a sporting offer.

"I'm going to select a word at random from the big slate," he said, "and I've got a new silver sixpence in my waistcoat pocket for the lad what gives the best and shortest definition, so to speak. Now," turning to the slate. "Jeopardizing." There you are. The word is 'jeopardizing.' Make a start!"

The front row supplied no answer. The other rows were also silent, and the manager remarked caustically on the education tax and the meagre achievements gained. The last boy in the last row held up his right hand.

"Please, sir, what does jeopardizing mean?" "Oh, well," said the manager a little uneasily, "I sh'd have thought every one knew what jeopardizing meant. Jeopardizing, I take it, means almost anything that is done by a jeopard!"

POST OFFICES IN STONE

IN the early days when the route to India and the East round the Cape of Good Hope was new, shipmasters used to break the voyage at the Cape to refit their vessels and recreate their crews. There was nothing much in the way of a settlement there, and captains, having no



Records of voyages left at the Cape of Good Hope three centuries ago

better means of recording their visits and the circumstances of their voyages, used often to chisel upon a convenient stone the date of their arrival and the direction in which they were sailing. One such "post-office stone" is preserved, and we give a picture of it that appeared in the Illustrated London News. The inscription runs:

"Anto Hipon Ma(ster) of The Hector. Bound home January 1609. Ant: Hipon Ma(ster) of The Dragon. 28 December 1607. Anthony II."

HISTORY FROM THE DICTIONARY

THERE is a great deal of intensely interesting human history buried in the dictionary. The etymologist, if he is learned enough, can dig it out, and when he takes the trouble to do so he can tell us many things that explain the mysteries of words or that correct our misapprehensions about them. In Curious Survivals Dr. George C. Williamson traces the past of some common words and shows us what they tell us of past races and customs.

The Jew's-harp upon which the boy plays, he writes, has nothing whatever to do with any

Hebrew; the word is derived from the French "jou," a toy. And "gooseberry fool" has nothing whatever to do with a foolish person; the word is simply from the French "foulé," meaning mashed. The schoolboy word pommel is not often recognized as having a distinct connection with the end of the sword, the boss on which the arms were placed in the case of a state sword, and which is called the pommel because of its resemblance to a small apple, which in Latin is "pomum." So when it was desirable to chastise a person and not draw the sword on him he was often banged about the head with the pommel much as schoolboys pommel one another with their fists.

We speak of our ears burning when people are talking about us, and here we have an exceedingly ancient tradition that is still accepted, for, as Brewer points out, Pliny in his history writes: "When our ears do glow and tingle some do talk of us in our absence."

By the way, the word talk is one of the most extraordinary in the English language, because it is the only one that, so far as the late W. W. Skeat was aware, we derive directly from the Lithuanian tongue. He drew special attention to this remarkable survival. In Lithuanian "tulkas" was an interpreter, "tulkote" was to interpret. There must have been some intercourse, says he, between the Scandinavians and the Lithuanians by means of an interpreter that brought that word into Scandinavian tongues. The word to interpret or explain is in Swedish "tolka," in Danish "tolke," in Icelandic "tulka," and hence our word "taken" originally and now "talk." The word has nothing to do with the words tale or tell, as many etymological books say, or to talk is, strictly speaking, to interpret or to explain, and a talker is an interpreter.

TALKING AT, INTO, THROUGH AND ROUND EACH OTHER

WE never think of the Spaniard as a brisk and impatient person, but there must be such characters in Spain, to judge by the story from Misadventures With A Donkey in Spain. The incident occurred while the authors were waiting in the lobby of a Spanish bank.

While we were reading the letter, they say, an old man who looked like a farmer came in and engaged the attention of the clerk. Soon the two were making an excessive amount of noise, talking at each other, into each other, through each other and round each other. We listened.

The farmer, "My name, señor, is Carlos Hernandez Garcia. I wish to make an inquiry concerning—"

The clerk, "Oh, yes, señor. You wish to inquire concerning deposits in this bank. In that case you will have to procure two sureties—"

The farmer, "No, señor. I do not wish to make a deposit in your bank. I wanted to ask—"

The clerk, "Ah, yes. You wish to know about this new investment we are advertising. It will of course be largely to your interest, because this company intends to exploit—"

The farmer, "No, señor. You are mistaken. I have no intention of making an investment. I wished to ask if you could tell me—"

The clerk, "Ah, yes, I understand now. You want to know what percentage we demand for an advance on crops. Well, in that case of course we should have to get expert advice—"

The farmer, "No, señor. I do not want to get an advance upon crops; I merely wish to ask—"

The clerk, "In that case, señor, I do not see what we can do for you. You do not wish to deposit; you do not wish to invest; you do not wish to mortgage. I do not understand—"

The farmer, "I wished to ask if Señor José Gutierrez is still at your branch in Murcia."

Then we realized that one prominent vice of Spanish bureaucracy is the habit of trying to answer a question before it has been asked.

A UNITED STATES TOMBSTONE

ON one of the United States Indian reservations an old Indian lost his wife, whom he had dearly loved. In grief he went to the Indian agent and asked him to send for a "United States tombstone."

The agent procured a stone that he thought would please the old man and took it to him for approval. But it did not suit at all. The agent tried again, but with no better success.

Finally the Indian went himself for the stone.

A few weeks later the agent noticed from a distance a peculiar-looking object in the Indian burying ground. He went closer and discovered firmly planted at the grave of the Indian's wife a barber's pole! The old Indian had procured his "United States tombstone."

The old man has been gone long years, and barbers' poles are nearly all gone too; but that one represented a love as true as many that are commemorated by marble monuments.

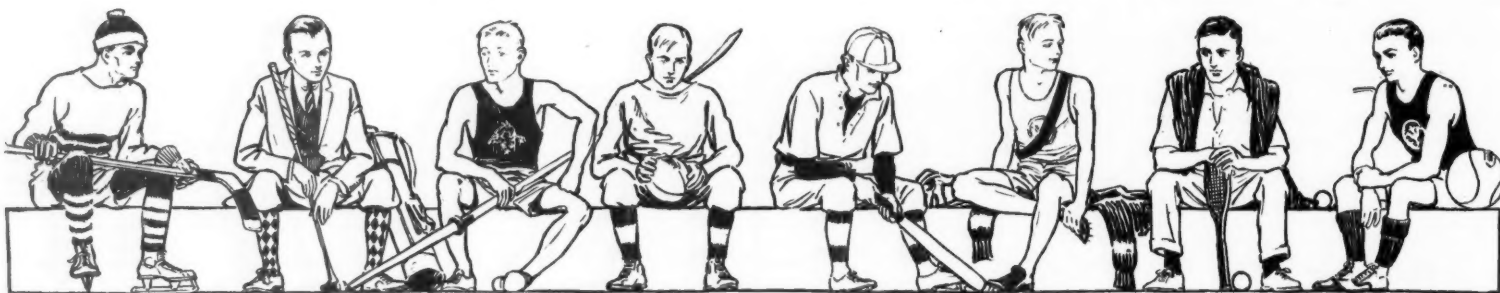
THIS EDITOR DOESN'T LIKE TURNIPS

BRUCE TURNER left in this office a turnip that weighs exactly five pounds.—Lancaster (Ky.) Central Record.

There is nothing you can do with a five-pound turnip except leave it somewhere.—Detroit Free Press.

PERRY MASON COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

SPRING SPORTS SECTION



NO nation takes its athletic games more seriously than we take them here in the United States; they are part and parcel of our existence. A normal, vigorous American boy or girl is almost certain to engage sooner or later in some form of athletic competition; even in the remotest communities he can hardly escape it. That is true mainly because we like athletic games, which are a direct expression of our American eagerness to match our prowess against the other fellow's. We aren't content with games of chance; we must have games of skill and strength and endurance. We have the exuberance of young bodies well fed and cared for. It does not seem strange to us that we like to work off our surplus energy in games of physical competition rather than in formal gymnastics, military drill or recreative exercise.

There may or may not be the stimulating quality in the American atmosphere that certain foreigners have thought they observed. Still we remember that when Kipling tried to write in this country he had to give it up since wherever he went he felt keyed to such a high pitch that his mind would not work in the reflective way that he desired. But, whatever the moving impulse, hardly any outdoor event with us, whether be it a school picnic or a veterans' reunion, is complete without its athletic competitions, and any event that includes such a competition seems on that ground alone almost to justify its existence. Some people point to the National Baseball League, this year celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, as having first promoted the idea that athletic competitions are an enjoyable spectacle, but really Americans have always liked their outdoor

THE HARVARD CRIMSON



Up around thirteen feet

games and been expert in them. That liking is usually attributed to our British forbears, but we need to remember also what we learned from the Indians, with whom skill in bodily competition was a prerequisite to promotion in the tribe. Certainly our early settlers took part in the athletic contests of the Indians, and such of the whites as excelled the Indians held in high esteem—an esteem easily turned to account among the whites themselves. George Washington was highly respected because he was a broad jumper of exceptional ability.

Since 1900 in this country we have been reviving more and more our early tradition

of physical development through games and sports. There was a period in the last quarter of the nineteenth century when physical education was somewhat generally limited to systematic exercise that would promote the proper functioning of the human mechanism. Athletic games, though enjoyed, were held of slight corrective value and were to be practiced mainly by those who had attained physical competence. It was the period of gymnasium building, of gymnastic societies, dumbbells and Indian clubs.

Then games began to come to the fore again. Baseball became more popular; the track and field athletics of the early Caledonian clubs won wide attention; every school of consequence formed a football team; tennis and golf came along; basketball ran like a fire across the country; hockey, polo, competitive swimming, target shooting, rowing and a dozen other sports and games had each its adherents. Newspapers found that athletics were news of the first order; technical knowledge of the best manner of playing various games was widely disseminated. A new profession of athletic coaching came into being; pupils of experienced professionals began to be scattered everywhere through the nation. Scarcely a village but had its playground, scarcely a school but had its athletic programme.

We like to show a foreign visitor the magnificence of our present-day athletics by taking him to a great college football game played on an arena surrounded by an amphitheatre large enough to hold seventy or eighty thousand spectators. We like to see how the foreigner is impressed when those thousands and thousands stand cheering in unison, cheering separately, cheering anyway. We think he will get a thrill out of it; we know he will be dumbfounded. Likely enough he understands it not. "Ah," he remarks, "you Americans take your sports so seriously."

Doubtless he is right, for in spite of its elaboration the college football game is no more serious than ten thousand other football games throughout the length and breadth of the land. We all like to play, to see the play, and we value winning. But what we value most is the excellence of the contest itself. We like the waging of equal battle between contestants trained and fit. We are not satisfied with lackadaisical, inept, outdoor pastimes; we demand speed, skill and endurance, and, like the ancient Greeks or the American aborigines, we acclaim the victor.

Our public schools of course are the great medium through which our athletic tastes are expressed. The schools have our boys and girls in their formative years, and the schools now believe thoroughly in vigorous physical exercise as a proper outlet for youthful energies. But it is not enough that young bodies should grow straight and well proportioned; it is necessary that they grow obedient to the will. To that end nothing serves better than athletic games—the physical competition in which control of mind and muscle is so supremely what determines success.

Lately we have been hearing about an "athletics-for-all" policy that aims to bestow on everyone the benefits that athletics can give. Younger boys and girls in the schools are beginning to have their just share of attention. The authorities encourage forming for one sport several teams, each with

Mr. Chadbourne, following a distinguished record as a 'varsity player, has been coach of the nine at Groton School and later at Dartmouth College.

ATHLETES ALL

By HORACE CHADBOURNE

a game or two to be played, and they encourage interest in many other than the so-called major sports. The benefits of athletics, thus accorded to everyone, are readily recognized.

Though more persons take part in athletics, the demands on a single performer, if he chances to be of more than ordinary ability, are less. Moreover, the policy, wherever tried in the schools, has had a stimulating effect on the quality of play on all the school teams. Available material for the first teams largely increases, competition for places becomes keener, and the quality of the play greatly improves.

The logic of the case is clear. Make athletics interesting for all those who are not now the best players in the school, but who in the course of a year or two have a chance to become the best players, and there is an outpouring of enthusiasm and an eagerness for instruction that shortly work marvels in the quality of all the teams. Athletics become the concern not of a small group but of the whole school, sportsmanship immediately reaches to higher levels, and the benefits of participation are achieved with much less danger of ill effects to any.

Theodore Roosevelt in his Autobiography wrote of a time when as a sickly boy he was made the victim of the mischief of two other boys and finally compelled to fight. He found that either of the boys handled him not only with ease but with such ease as not to hurt him much, which was very humiliating. He wrote: "The experience taught me what probably no amount of good advice could have taught me. I made up my mind that I must try to learn so that I would not again be put in such a helpless position; and, having become quickly and bitterly conscious that I did not have the natural prowess to hold my own, I decided that I would try to supply its place by training. Accordingly, with my father's hearty approval, I started to learn to box." Is it not significant that one of the most virile of Americans early realized how worth while it was to develop a feeble body and to do it in such a way that he could use it in competition? There is no question that the effect of that early training in boxing, at which he

became proficient, stood him in good stead through all his strenuous life.

Besides his own will there are only two things that a youth needs in his undertaking to become an athlete: knowledge and a serviceable equipment. Happily both are within the means of almost everyone. Of knowledge the best source is personal coaching, but that in every instance should be supplemented by reading. A considerable body of athletic literature has been published in the last dozen years—text books of technical knowledge that become an invaluable guide through every period of training. Those books are indispensable, for, no matter how good the personal coaching may be, the books—and also the magazine articles, such as *The Youth's Companion* prints—furnish an understanding of the scope of any sport that personal coaching does not give. Indeed you can go far with no other instruction than that of the printed page, although you will miss some of the niceties of the physical action, which you

THE HARVARD CRIMSON



Good form in "timber topping"

can understand only by seeing a skillful performer. For example, it is possible for a boy to become a first-rate high jumper with no other teaching than what he can glean from written instructions and a few photographs. For a time he works and studies alone. Then on some red-letter day he sees a champion in action, and the whole idea comes to him like a revelation. But he never would have been able to get the idea if he had not already been working conscientiously and intelligently toward understanding. Printed matter also serves as a reservoir of knowledge on which the aspirant can continually draw. Even after he has to a large extent mastered the written information he must again and again call on it to check up on himself and prove his progress.

Serviceable equipment is only what a good workman owes himself. A proper, well-fitted pair of spiked shoes, a first class tennis racket, a good baseball glove, or whatever it may be, is an essential, not only because it is a pleasure to use good equipment but because it permits no excuse for an indifferent performance. A youth should go at his sport with the consciousness that the only thing that can hold him back is his own lack of will to undergo the necessary discipline to overcome his awkwardness. It is conversely of importance not to trust to superior equipment alone. You cannot buy ability, training and hours of honest effort in a sporting-goods store, but you can buy a good grade of the one essential tool with which you must work. And fortunate the

HOW TO PITCH A CURVE BALL

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boy who has to earn by his own labors the money to buy it. He will then appreciate it at its real value and make it serve him to the utmost.

The list of sports that now hold a recognized place in scholastic and collegiate competitions is a long one—the number runs into the twenties—and offers a choice that will surely fit the natural abilities of almost every youth. The youth, then, has only to choose his sport and systematically to set about making himself proficient in it. Whether it be one of the so-called major

sports or something non-spectacular like handball or target shooting matters little. As physical educators view the matter today, the important thing is for a youth to become so expert at some sport that he can hold his own at it. Happily, the same qualities of steadiness and bodily control that serve in one sport make a boy quickly useful in many others. A boy or a girl who has learned to be a first-rate swimmer, for example, is already more than half way to being a first-rate competitor in any other sort of athletics.

SELF-COACHING IN TENNIS



THE game of tennis is becoming increasingly popular as its all-round character is recognized. It is a family sport, a game that can be played by young or old. It can be adapted to the physique of a girl; it can be made the strenuous game demanded by a highly trained athlete.

Ten years of experience in teaching tennis lie behind the suggestions given in the following outline of a course of ten lessons through which you can teach yourself many of the essentials of the game. The lessons are steps rather than daily stints. You cannot finish any one in a day. Gain at least a moderate proficiency in the points mentioned in each step before you proceed.

First Lesson

Familiarize yourself with the simple rules of the game: how sides are chosen, where the server stands, what constitutes a serve, what a foot fault is, what constitutes the winning or losing of a point, how games and sets are scored and the like.

Equip yourself as nearly correctly as possible. Twelve or thirteen ounces is the correct weight for a girl's racket; thirteen and a half or fourteen the correct weight for a man's. Light heel-less shoes are necessary. Light clothing, preferably not your street clothing, is desirable.

Learn the forehand grip on the racket. (Fig. 1.) It is the strongest for ordinary service



and forehand strokes. Proceed to study the fundamental stroke as shown in Fig. 2. Notice that the swing starts well behind the body, that at the moment of striking the ball the forearm and handle of the racket are in nearly a straight line, that the ball is not allowed to get close to the body, and that there is a follow through that finishes in the general direction in which the ball is traveling. One of the best ways to practice this or other strokes is against a wall.

The fundamental stroke is a ground stroke; it takes the ball on the bounce. Volleying strokes, or strokes that take the ball directly on the return, are more difficult and less often used. A complete discussion of this essential stroke was printed in The Companion of May 19, 1921.

Second Lesson

Continue practice of the fundamental stroke, for the better you learn it the more easily you can pick up the other strokes. Pay particular attention to having a firm grip at the moment the racket strikes the ball, to keeping your eye on the ball until the moment of impact and to



hitting the ball with the centre of your racket. In making the stroke take care to "step into the ball" as shown in Fig. 2; that is, to step forward as you strike the ball instead of reaching back for it.

Most beginners hit the ball overhand. Do not do it unless the ball is high above your head. Ordinarily it is the worst stroke possible.

Third Lesson

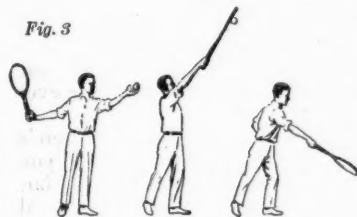
Continue to study the rules of the game and to practice the forehand stroke. This time watch carefully to see that you are never so close to the ball that you cannot make a free-arm stroke and be sure that at every stroke your wrist is behind or nearly behind the racket handle. Try now to turn the upper edge of your racket slightly forward as you hit the ball. This produces what is called "top" and helps keep the ball from flying out of court.

Fourth Lesson

Learn to serve, using either the ordinary forehand service or the cut service, whichever comes the more naturally. Fig. 3 gives an idea of the form for service. Complete instructions for both the ordinary forehand service and the cut service were printed in The Companion of April 21, 1921.

Take care to hit the ball as high up as possible without stretching your reach and to throw the ball up to the same height each time. It is better to make doubles a foot over the service line,

Fig. 3



for the ball always has a chance to fall into the court, than to drive them into the net. At this stage of the game it is more important that you should get the ball over the net into the service court than that you should try to place it there at any particular point. Serve your second balls as hard as your first ones, but do not serve your first balls so hard that you do not have control.

Fifth Lesson

Continue your study of the proper service by beginning to place your strokes. Try to get the ball to fall on one side or another of the service court or in one corner or another. When you make a poor shot or fail to do what you tried to do stop and think why. Were you out of position?

Take care that the net is of the right height: three feet six inches at the ends, three feet in the centre. The length of a racket plus its width at the widest part is approximately three feet. Getting used to a net that is too low will spoil your game for a net at the proper height.

Sixth Lesson

Take up the study of the backhand stroke. Fig. 4 shows the correct grip, which may be

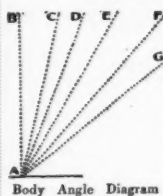


varied by placing the thumb round the handle instead of along it.

Do not fall into the error of most beginners of making a backhand stroke with the opposite side of the racket from that used for the forehand stroke and without shifting from the forehand grip. The wrist should always be behind or partly behind the handle. In making the change from the forehand grip loosen your hand as you swing the racket across the front of your body. This is a hard stroke to learn and



"ON YOUR MARKS"



Body Angle Diagram



Incorrect Body Angle (erect)



Perfect Sprinting Angle (recommended for all speed work)



Extreme Forward Running or Sprinting Body Angle



Recommended Forward Angle (third or fourth stride)



Recommended Forward Angle (second stride)



Extreme Forward Angle (first stride)



"On Your Marks"



"Get Set"

Start

SPRINTING may be defined as "running at the highest speed." It is the most natural style of running. Boys who challenge each other to run on the spur of the moment always run short distances at top speed.

The sprinter is characteristic of youth—the alert, nervous type which demands speed and quick action. That is why a short-distance competition such as the 100 yards run will usually attract many entries.

As the boy continues his running he will find he performs certain actions unconsciously. He develops what is called a "form." This form, or style, may be good or bad, but wrong habits once they are acquired, are hard to overcome.

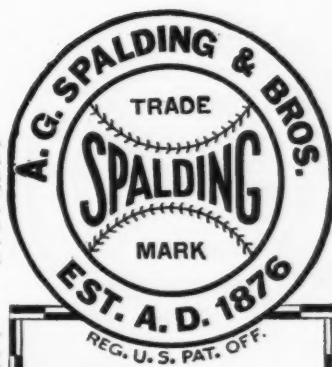
Perfect form is comprised of many small details, but the principal features are: quick starting, correct arm-and-leg movement, body angle and balance.

In every action of physical speed, the natural inclination is to bend over, to lessen the air resistance. The term "body angle" describes this action when used in running. In sprinting, the angle will be more pronounced than when longer distances are run at a slower pace. In the illustrations are shown several styles of body angle employed in running, taken from "How to Sprint" of the Spalding Athletic Library series. The first diagram is a key to the lines repeated in the figures.

In sprint races the "crouch" start is the correct method. In the three illustrations at the bottom of this column are shown the positions assumed at the successive commands of the starter. In the first, "On your marks," note how the feet are placed in start holes with sufficient brace to the toes and ball of foot, so that a good push-off can be obtained. These holes must not be too deep. In the "Get set" position (second command), the weight of the body should be on the forward foot and the arms, with fingers spread, while the upper body leans slightly over the start line.

At the report of the starter's pistol the runner should give himself a good shove with his left foot in a sort of slanting-upward position, his left arm going upward much like an uppercut in boxing. The right arm goes to the rear for balance. The rear leg assists by a lifting push. The first stride, with the right foot, is short and chopped. The second stride is longer. The third and fourth of the length that the runner naturally uses. Starting requires much practice, but a quick getaway is half the race.

It is important that the runner follow carefully the directions of his coach or physical director, because they know how much may be accomplished without injury.



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requires a great deal of practice, which is the main thing in tennis.

Seventh Lesson

Volleying strokes, or hitting the ball before the bound, are quite a different matter from the strokes that you have been studying. To make a volley when the ball is in height between your shoulder and waist no swing, only a short push, is necessary. In volleying an overhand ball in a stroke that is called the smash take particular care to keep your eye on the ball until the moment of impact. If you do not, you are likely to drive the ball completely out of your opponent's court. In executing a volley on a ball below your waist you must tilt the racket slightly to lift the ball over the net. After each volleying stroke get the racket quickly back into position in front of your body.

It may be hard to learn to volley, but you will get much satisfaction from every good volley that you make in play.

Eighth Lesson

Begin work on some other form of service than the straight service or cut service with which you are already familiar. The American twist, the reverse American twist and the reverse cut are all good services, but they must be thoroughly learned before they can be effective. The fundamental differences between them and the more simple services are shown in Fig. 5.

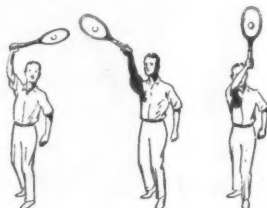


Fig. 5

Ninth Lesson

The lob and the half volley are good strokes that you may now think of undertaking.

One type of lob consists of hitting the ball into the air to gain time to change your position in your court or to get your opponent back from the net; the other consists in lifting the ball just over your opponent's head in such a manner that he has no chance to run back. In executing the lob use your wrist to toss the ball into the air.

The half volley is picking the ball up just after it has struck the ground. To execute it direct the face of the racket toward the place where you want the ball to go and meet the ball directly on the centre of the racket. At the finish of the stroke the head of the racket should not be more than two feet above the ground.

Tenth Lesson

Long before this you will have begun to play actual games against an opponent as well as practicing the strokes and grips that have been discussed. Now it is time to play doubles, which in many respects is quite a different game from singles.

Learn the rules and etiquette of doubles play. Practice with your partner in going to the net together and in maintaining teamwork generally. At all times partners should be on a line parallel with the net. A fairly slow serve, well placed, that gives time for the server to get to the net is the best. Play close to the net as much as possible, since volleying is the winning game in doubles. Move to the left or to the right as the angle of return moves. The lob will come in handy to drive your opponents back from the net.

When you have finished this course of lessons do not think for a moment that there is nothing else to learn about tennis. You can learn a new service, which can be used to great advantage as a change from your present service, but master one service before you try another. Play with better players than yourself and you will be ever learning something and improving your game. Watch the star players and you will get many points. Be a student of the game.

HITTING FOR THREE HUNDRED

A BATTING average of .300 is the reasonable ambition of every ball player. Without dispute it puts him into the class of effective hitters, those chaps who are likely anytime to make the hit that means a score.

What then have the hitters of the .300 class in common? What natural or acquired characteristics have they that got them out of the rank and file of the .200 crowd and made them heroes of the diamond? What is their margin of superiority? The answer is good form, a good eye and an intelligent understanding of the opposing pitcher's capability and purpose.

In the first place a .300 batter warms and loosens his batting muscles before he goes to the plate. He swings a bat or two while the man ahead of him is batting. While so engaged he has his eye on the pitcher and he times at least one or two of his preliminary swings to the speed that the pitcher is using.

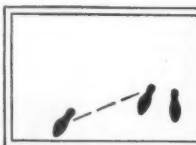
When his turn at bat arrives he approaches the plate from behind, advancing to his position in the batter's box facing the pitcher and the diamond. He is careful not to take up his stance by entering from the front of the box and backing into position, for it makes him appear to the pitcher less formidable, as in fact he is. Every movement in batting should if possible be forward, aggressive, threatening. No matter what his stature, a .300 hitter as he approaches the plate will try to look the part.

The stance of a good hitter—that is, how he places his feet, whether near together or apart, whether at right angles or more pointing toward the line of pitch—is a matter of feeling. Some good hitters stand almost facing the pitcher, others stand at right angles to the line of pitch with the forward foot even nearer to it than the rear foot. The important thing is how the batter steps into the pitch with his swing. That step of course must be forward and aggressive, not away from the pitch, but into it.

The step should not be too long; after the step is made the feet should not be farther apart than they would be in an easy stride. Remember that after hitting you have to start to run. The diagram shows the conventional stance and foot shift. There may be variations in the original stance, but the concluding step is straight forward or slightly into the pitch as shown. The batter aims to meet the ball a foot or so in front of the plate.



A batter's position. Below is a diagram showing the step into the ball.



Crowding the plate, crouching, wagging the bat after the pitcher is ready to pitch, much moving about in the box and in general all unnecessary shiftiness are not aids to good hitting, although against a rattled pitcher they may serve a purpose when the player is trying for a base on balls. The .300 hitter is a confident-appearing and self-contained fellow who takes his stance, generally a little to the rear of the plate and away from it, with his bat well back, ready to make only one more movement—a forward swing and step.

In a correct swing the bat comes round and follows through parallel to the ground. The swing starts well back, but in striving to start the swing properly the batter must neither cock his forward elbow to the level of his chin nor drop his rear shoulder. If he does either of those things, he is likely to become the victim of any high pitch, for he will understrike it. Both arms exert their power: the swing is not only a punch by the hand uppermost on the bat but a pull by the lower

hand. Indeed, the forward hand and arm must be trained to do their share in the swing, a difficult point for most beginners to learn because the forward arm is not the one they naturally use. Many boys thus can make themselves better batters by changing from right to left-handed batters, or vice versa, if their habit is not already too firmly fixed.

The accompanying picture, a drawing made from a photograph of George Sisler, one of the greatest batters in the game, shows a perfect stance. Notice that the forward arm is well extended, that the bat lies level, that the front elbow is not cocked and that the shoulders are even. He stands straight. His weight is slightly more on the rear foot, as it should be in preparation to stepping aggressively into the pitch, but he is in balance; a pitcher will not catch him anchored by his rear foot if he shoots up a quick pitch or changes pace. The whole bearing is easy and confident. The only tight muscles are those of a firm grip on the bat. From such a position a batter can hardly fail to hit in good form.

The batting eye is an open eye. Most boys have good eyesight. If they have a poor batting eye, it is because they handicap themselves by turning their head into such a position that they can see the pitcher and the ball only out of the corner of one eye; they squint or they close their eyes entirely as they swing. Those



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actions are self-protective; they are instinctive and therefore the more to be guarded against. A batter who squints and takes his eyes off the ball is on a par with the fielder who turns his head away as he attempts to pick up a grounder. Until the fault is corrected the fielder will not be a good fielder or the batter a good batter. The .300 hitter is not up to the plate to protect himself, but to blast the pitcher out of the box. To do it he must keep his eyes open, fronting the pitcher, and keep them glued on the ball to the very instant of its impact with the bat. A strict observance of this one idea often turns a weak, hesitating batter into a strong, confident one. Notice in the picture that Sisler's face is turned toward the pitcher; without doubt his eyes are open.

A "GOOD BALL" HITTER

A primary requirement also of becoming a .300 hitter is to become a "good ball" hitter. To that end standing a little back and away from the plate is a help, for the exact position of the plate is thus subconsciously always in the batter's eye: the plate is really to be seen out of the corner of the batter's eye without his taking his eye off the pitcher. Moreover, the bad balls that nine out of ten batters are tempted to strike at—the high, close ones—he can now let go by without danger of their being called strikes since he is away from the plate. Also he is not so tempted to reach for wide balls, though he knows that the sweep of his bat with an aggressive forward step will more than cover the plate.

Batting for .300 means studying the pitcher. That is the player's job as he sits on the bench. Then it is not his business to watch his comrade at bat or on the base lines, no matter how much his hopes are wrapped in him. If he watches every move of the opposing pitcher, he is bound to see peculiarities of form or method that will in his own turn at bat be of great service. He may discover something that tells him precisely the pitcher's intention to throw a curve or make a change of pace. He will discover what kind of ball is the pitcher's chief reliance and under what circumstances he uses it. He will in short get inside the pitcher's mind, will practice naming over to himself what the pitcher intends to throw and, if he fails to "call the turn," will reason why he failed to call it. Perhaps the pitcher has poor control; it is an important thing to discover.

A BASE ON BALLS

Almost every .300 hitter gets a base on balls at least once in a game. That is so because the pitcher fears him, tries to make him hit at bad balls or passes him deliberately. It is so also because the .300 hitter has been watching the pitcher: he knows when to expect a bad ball, and he has the eye to recognize it as such and the self-control to let it go by. Moreover, he has the attitude of mind that is willing to accept a serviceable base on balls in lieu of an attempt to hit the ball out of the lot. He knows that, if he does hit the ball, he has no more than an even chance of hitting it safe and he is willing to take a base, in a situation that does not demand a hit, if the pitcher permits him to do it.

Perhaps most essential of all rules for effective hitting is to "get the pitcher in the hole" and then hit. It means hitting, or rather expecting to hit, when you have more balls than strikes. Then you know that the pitcher must try to put one over. Conversely, if you have more strikes than balls or an even number of strikes and balls, it is reasonable to suppose that the pitcher will try to deceive you on a ball that is not quite over the plate. If the pitcher has a different method, perhaps of throwing in such a situation a curve that comes over, you will have discovered it by watching his method with other batters. In the .300 hitter's mind, nicely balanced with the willingness to take a base on balls, is the willingness to hit when he has worked the pitcher "into the hole." Perhaps he has discovered that the pitcher nearly always tries to get the first pitch over; then he may vary this batting rule by taking a crack at the first one. At any rate the .300 hitter has purpose and intelligence: he does not go to bat trusting to luck, he feels himself in command of the situation, and he has a fairly accurate idea of the opposing pitcher's capabilities and method.

BUNTING AND PLACE HITTING

The question of bunting and place hitting with the idea of catching a fielder out of position does not properly enter into a discussion of the subject in hand. Except in the case of a bunt used for a sacrifice, they are refinements of the batting idea. A good batter of course knows how to bunt, but very few batters can depend on a bunt as a means of reaching first base, and even fewer find it worth their while to try to place their longer hits. A whole new set of conditions governs the attempt at place hitting. The batter not only must know the technique of cutting and pulling but must wait and select the right ball for his purpose. Every ball player knows of course that it is comparatively easy to make a cut stroke on a ball that is outside the plate and make a pull stroke on a ball that is inside. But once a pitcher has disposed his fielders in one direction or another, he can so pitch, if he has fair control, that it becomes very difficult for the batter to hit in a direction quite opposite to the pitcher's intentions. Most batters are content to hit in any direction so long as they hit hard and clean.



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